THE INTRIGUES AT VERSAILLES: OR, A Jilt in all Humours

A

COMEDY,

ACTED BY

His Majesty's Servants,

AT THE

Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. *D'Urfey.*

Wit will be wit, tho' slighted by the Clown,
As Roses sweet tho' Asses tread 'em down.

LONDON,

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TO THE

HONOURABLE

Sir *Charles Sedley* the Elder, Baronet.

And to the WORTHY, and my Much Honour'd Friend,

Sir *Charles Sedley* his Son.

Most Honour'd,

THis New *Comedy* which I beg leave to Dedicate to ye, when it was first shewn to some Persons of Principal Quality and Judgment, and afterwards Read to Mr. *Congreve* and Mr. *Betterton*, had, from all, the good Fortune, to be esteem'd as one of the Best I have Written: And 'tis from this undisputed Authority that I hope it will, in the Perusal, have the same Value from you; and appear worthy the Honour of your Patronage.

As the World is full of Various Humours, so the Diversions that *Poets* are oblig'd to Invent to satisfy 'em, must be also as various. And tho' 'tis one of the hardest things in the World to do——yet is the failure——(for that time especially) the Intire Loss of an *Author*'s Credit as well as Profit; for an Audience of this Age is destin'd to use neither *Medium*, *Consideration* nor *Modesty*; wholly resolv'd to like what Indulges the Present Humour, tho' Reason, if they thought it worth looking after, would always Inform 'em, that there is often as much Art, Labour and Wit us'd, in what through the Vitiation of the Pallate they have no Rellish for—— As what they willingly swallow with a Voracious Gusto.

It has been my Fortune, through the short Course of my *Poetry*, to run o'er the Rugged Ways of Publick Censure, with as much Indifference as any one; and as I have alwayes Studied Variety to procure Diversion, so have I met with as Various Success—— yet have been easy by Teaching my Self the *Philosophy* of *Patience*, and the Use of that Common Saying, *Many Men have many Minds, and those Many Minds possess'd with more Difficult Expressions than one*

rally the best Undertaker could satisfy. But to give Instance, that my Industrious Paines have not been wanting to please the Town, if they look into my former Peices, they may find, without much trouble, a Variety, which has not been every Bodies Tallent; they may find, in the *Fond Husband*, Regular *Comedy* with a Good Plot; in the *Boarding-School*, *Satyrical Humour* and *Characters* with another; in the *Marriage Hater*, A Mixture of all digested with Comical Turnes to the last Scene; Also in the *Don Quirro's* Farsical Scenes of Mirth, mixt with Variety of Divertive Vocal Musick and Dancing, with many others, some from *Stories*, but most wholly my own Inventions, and all of Different Kinds, which have had their several Lots; some have pleased more, some less, according as the Town *Humour* eb'd and flow'd; but generally as 'tis the Fate of things of this kind, have met with Mistaken Judgment; the Meritorious having Indifferent Applause, the Indifferent Extraordinary.

And 'tis in this manner that this last, the *Intrigues at Versailles*, has been us'd by the *Criticks*; Many less Labour'd, and Worthy, have had more Applause; the Model of it being Courtly, and wanting the Farsical *Scenes*, with which the Inconsiderate part of the *Audience* were formerly Entertain'd—— and also the *Turns* requiring observation, and the Whole Contriv'd *Machine* exacting more thought——then is Natural for heads that are Buzzing with other matters in the *Playhouse*, and sit on their Shoulders uneasy in a hot Summer season.

'Tis therefore from the Considerate and Cooler part of the Company from whom I did, in the *Acting*, and shall in the *Reading*, expect Justice; Amongst whom I beg leave to Name you Sir, to whom this Piece is *First Address'd*—— as *Principle*—— Nothing can Judge of Wit so well as Wit; And it has many years been my Advantage, as well as other *Poets*, to be Influenc'd by your Genius, and Instructed by your Admirable Writings and Improving Conversation, I heard the Fame of Sir *Charles Sedley*, as soon as I was capable of hearing, or (I'm sure) understanding such a thing as Fame it self. And your being Bred in your youth, and receiv'd all along in a Community and Friendship with Persons of the most Exalted Spirits, and Uncommon Understandings adorning the then Flourishing Nation, *viz.* The never-enough admir'd Soul, and Genius of *Wit* and *Poetry* the Present Earl of *Dorset*, the late Earl of *Rochester*, and others of their Refin'd Rank, sufficiently gives the World knowledge

ledge of your equal Merit, and spares me the share of Writing further on your Praise, which has so often (much better then I am able to do) been done already.

However, Sir, I must beg ye to give me leave to make use of the *Poets* common gratitude—Thankes, which I think my self never enough Capacitated to pay, when I reflect on your Generous commendation and approvement of my Lyrical quality, and writings of that kind, not only to your friends abroad, but even before the Right Honourable *the Earl of Leicester*, the greatest Incourager and Patron of all the *Muses*, and their forlorn and desolate Sons, to whom I wish all the happiness than Heaven and Earth can give, and that 'twere possible his Life could last like his Fame—This, Sir, from you has given me a Credit which I esteem as a Fortune, and which is not in the power of Malice to destroy.

That word Malice has given me a little occasion for Digression, only to tell you that there is in this Comedy amongst the Characters—One of an old *Beau*, under the Name of the Count *Brissac*—which I hear by some offended, has been perticularly piqu'd at, I could not recommend its defence, Sir, to a person who can better Judge its Innocent nature then your self, having very lately been diverted by a very good Coppy of Verses which I am told are yours, and which I beg leave to insert,

The Young *Lady's* Advice to the Old *Beaux*,

A *SONNET*.

SCrape, scrape no more your Bearded Chins,
Old Beau's *in hopes to please*
You should Repent your former Sins,
Not study their Increase.
Young Fops do daily shock our Sight,
But Old offend both day and Night.

(2.)

In vain the Coachman turns about,
And Whips the Dapple Grayes,
When the Old Oagler *looks out,*
We Turn away the Face.

Youth and Gay-Love will ever Charme,
But both affected cannot warm.

(3.)

The Summer Fruits we highly prize,
They kindly cool the Blood;
But Winter Berrys we despise,
And leave 'em in the Wood;
On the Bush they may look well,
But Gather'd, fail in Taste and Smell.

Which Verses are really of so Instructive a Nature, that I could wish my *Critick* could digest 'em, as he ought, with all my heart.

And now, Sir, to you, the happy Son of the *Author* of these and other highly Valu'd things of this kind; I humbly desire a Minutes Address, and that you will be pleas'd to divide with your Father this *Poetical Offering:* Your Judgment I can never doubt, tho' you think it not fit to Write; for, being so nearly related to him in Blood, you must naturally have more than a small Portion of his Genius; you shew all the taking Qualifications for which his Bloom of Youth was Admir'd and Lov'd, except his *Poetry*, which 'tis reason to believe you negligently desert, onely because you observe how barren the returns of Acknowledgment and Praise are in an Age, where Mens Minds are either harrass'd with War, or Numb'd with Ignorance, to a Muse even of his Excellence, which Theame, if ever you do take Pen in hand, I am almost assur'd will be the first—— there being more between you than the ordinary Duty and Love Incumbent between Father and Son, an entire, free, and easie Friendship—— Submission with Satisfaction on your side——and Contentment with Pleasure on his, which I have observ'd in the few hours of my Conversation with you, by your frequent Expression of your uncommon Felicity in so good a Father's Indulgence. And, that this happiness between you may last to the utmost Extent of Time and Humane Nature——is the Real Wish

Of Your Oblig'd, and Most Humble Servant,

T. D' Urfey.

PROLOGUE.

AS in Intreagues of Love we find it true,
Stale Faces pall, whilst you are Charm'd with New;
The Poet knowing th' same in Wit prevailes,
Fearing to tire ye with more English Tales,
Has laid his Scene in the French Court, Versailles.
Thus Chang'd your Diet for Variety,
From our Course Cheese of homely huswifry,
To fragrant Angelote, and Cher Fromage du Brie.
He doubts not, many that sit here to day,
That have observ'd the Title to his Play,
Believe 'tis for some Pollitique Essay;
'Gainst this he says, a Proverb gives him Rules,
'Tis never safe to meddle with Edg'd Tools.
To cause diversion Comick Mirth is best,
Warr's but a dull Occasion for a Jest;
And as in Cudgel Play, we find——no Joke,
From either party, when both heads are broke.
But then perhaps it may expected be,
That he should fall upon French Fopery,
'Tis——true, they have Fools——I gad and so have we;
In Apish Modes they Naturally shine,
But we by Aping them think our selves fine;
The late blew Feather was Charmant divine,
Then the Sawse gathering Sleve and the huge Button;
And now our Coat Flaps broad as Shoulder Mutton,
With various colours fac'd, Red, Green and Sky;
Next year I hope they'll give us Wings to fly,
With Sleeves so large, to cover Nails and all,
And every Button like a Tennis Ball.
No folly's theirs, but we have here as bad,
Their Brains have too much Air and ours have too much Lead;
They swear and Rant in spritely Ela——Sounds,
And ours in Gamut grumble Blood and Ounds.
To coole them they from Sallads seek reliefe,
To warm us, we debauch our selves in Beef;
And when half frantick we to Battle Run,
Preists on both sides ne'r fail to hoot us on.
Without Reflection therefore either Way,
The Cautious Poet has design'd to day,
Nothing but Love intreaguing through his Play;
For sollid Reasons neither party lash'd,
His fury's not so Fierce but may be dash'd;
Wit has no Armour proof 'gainst being Thrash'd,
Therefore in Terror of the Warriours Trade,
Suspends all Satyr till the Peace be made.

Drammatis Personæ, and Characters.

MEN.		
Duke *de Sanserre.*	Proud, and Hot-Spirited; very Amorous, Jealous and Revengeful.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Guillamour.	A young English Lord, a great Intreaguer.	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Count *de Brissac.*	An Old Beau, Ridiculoully Apish, and fond of young Company.	Mr. *Boen.*
Count *de Fiesque.*	Witty, Generous, and good Natur'd, but Amorous to a Fault.	Mr. *Hodson.*
Count *de Tonnere.*	Young and Extravaant, Intreagu'd with Lady *Brissac*, and Disguis'd in Womens Clothes, upon the account of a Duel.	Mr. *Bowman.*
Sir *Blunder Bosses.*	A dull sordid Brute, and Mongril whose Humour is, to call every Body by Clownish Names.	Mr. *Underhill.*
Ramburc.	An Old Affected Fellow.	Valett to *Fiesque.*
WOMEN.		
Dutch. *de Sanserre*	Poetical, High-Spirited, and Wanton.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Countess *de Brissac.*	Young, Wild, and Extravagant.	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Madam *de Vandosme.*	A Right Jilt in all Humours.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Daubray.	A Retainer, and Spy to the Duke *de Sanserre.*	Mrs. *Willis.*
La Busque.	Confident to the Dutchess.	Mrs. *Lawson.*
Grossiere; Page to *Sanserre.*	A Finical Jilt, Confident to *Vandosme.*	Mrs. *Leigh.*

Singers, Dancers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, *VERSAILLES.*

THE Intrigues at Versailes.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Count de Fiesque, *as newly Dreſt*, Valet *following*.

De Fies. HEy, *Rambure.*

Ram. Monſieur——Vat is your Plaiſire?

De Fies. Go to the Count *de Tonnere*'s Chamber, and ſee if he be Stirring.

Ram. Begarr, he be noe onely ſtirr himſelf, but me tink he have ſtirre all the Whole Varle beſide dis Morning; vor dere have bin in de Street de greata Fiddel, and de leetel Fiddel, de greata Pipe, and de leetel Pipe, Drum, Drum, Drum; Squeeka, Squeeka, Squeek: Oh Diable! me have no Sleep all this Night Begarr.

De Fies. Ha, ha, ha, What has he been Serrenaded?

Ram. Begarr, Monſieur, me have de ver great reaſon to believe de Count is vat you call de Frantick Perſon, dat is, he have but leetel here, * dat is, he have no ſound Brain Begarr, [* *Points to his Forehead.*

De Fies. Oh you are a great Judge of Braines, Sir, I believe: And what makes you think ſo, Blockhead?

Ram. Morbleau, De reaſon me think is very plain, he come here in de Womans Clothes for Diſguiſe, in viſh he look ver much like de great Whore Begarr; de likeneſs of de Whore draw de Foole and de Fidler, the Fidler he draw de whole Varle to Stare, Stare—— And vere den is his Braine to tinke he can be diſguiſe? Ha, ha, ha——

De Fies. Was there ever ſuch a Coxcomb?——Why thou talk'ſt of him, as if he Conceal'd himſelf for a Burglary——But, Sir, pray let your Diſcretion be now Inform'd, that his is only a Diſguiſe of Honour, till he can get his Pardon of the King, who is, at preſent, a little Angry with him about a Duel he lately Fought; So that if the Womans Clothes he weares don't Conceal him from Cowardly *Poltroons*, he is certain, however, of every Man of Honour's Protection.

Ram. Ver good; vil de Man of Honour Protect him for de Duell, against de King's Positive Command, dat is ver fine——Begarr, Monsieur, dat Man of Honour, like your self, that wil defenda him for de kill; de Man of Honour, like my self, commit de worst Burglary in de Whole Varle, and deserve to be hang Begarr.

De Fies. Well, Sir, Pray get you about your Message——and Release me from your Casuistical Opinions——I took you into my Service, Sir, for your skill in Pimping, not your Judgment of Prowess: Will you go, Sir?

Ram. Pimping, vat dam word be dat for de Man of Honour; Begarr, it turna my Stomach, and spoila mine Breakfast——he bien, Monsieur, I goe—de Pimpa——*Morbleau*—I go, Sir, I goe—— Oh here come de Count himself.

Enter Tonnerre *dress in Womens Cloathes.*

Tonn. Dear *Fiesque*, Good Morrow to thee; Gad I have so long'd to see thee——that I had hardly patience to give 'em time to Dress me in my Female Trinketts here; thy Pleasant Conversation, and some few Ravishing Thoughts on the Dear Angel I Adore, are the onely Consolation I have in my Confinement; hark, I tell thee News, Wilt thou believe it? I have been Serenaded to Night, Ha, ha, ha.

De Fies. Serenaded, Is that all——Gad, for my part, I wonder thou remainst on Earth, here, in a Condition of Mortality; such Cœlestial Beauty, methinks, some Amorous God should be ready to seize every moment; some Jove should come dazling in Golden Showers; or, as a Bull mount thee, like Fair *Europa*, then swiftly bear thee, through the *Helespont*, to some Sweet Bower of Love: What Gut-scraping Coxcomb has now been Insipidly Sacrifising? What Guittar-Thrasher, Thrum, thrum, thrum? What Madrigal Chanter with a Love-trilling A——h me, that makes me Sweat to hear him?—Or what Pittiful Pipero, with a Toodle, Toodle, Toodle,—has been profaning the Eares of so Admirable a Beauty.

Tonn. Why this Admirable Beauty, Sir, since you are pleas'd to divert your Self so with it, has, to its Eternal Fame, gain'd an entire Victory upon the old Count *Brissac*, whose Charming Wife thou know'st I have been so long in Love with.

De Fies. Ay Count, and not without Satisfactory Returns on her Side too——Your Secret has been blown upon, I can tell ye; The Court has heard Publick Information, perticularly, of your Late Journey to see her in the Country, disguis'd like a Pilgrim——What a Strong Fit of Devotion she had every day to be Closetted up at Prayers with the Holy Pilgrim; How often she would Puke, and be Sick, that the Pilgrim might be sent for; And what strange Benefits she made her Credulous Husband believe she found in her Boddily Health, through the Force of the Pilgrims Sanctified Beads and Sprinklings, Ha, ha, ha.

Tonn. The truth is, never was Intreague better manag'd for some time——for Nature certainly did never produce a better Stock to Graft Cuckoldom upon, than Old *Brissac*, for he has so great a Fondness for himself, and is always so blindly partial to his own Abilities——that his

heart

heart is ſtill at Eaſe about his Wife, nor would he ever have ſuſpected us, had not *Cavoys*, that prying Coxcomb her Brother, diſcovering, done us the Miſchief, upon which follow'd the Duel, in which he was Wounded, and I made ſhift to get hither in this Diſguiſe.

De Fies. But how came *Briſſac* to follow, that part of the Story, is ſtill a Myſtery?

Tonn. Why, as the Devil would have it, he happening to be be acquainted with the Lady that helpt to Diſguiſe me, came hither, and found me Juſt Dreſt as you ſee: But, to hear how many Oathes he Swore he was ſmitten with me, to ſee the Old Beau Cock at me, and Smicker with his Grizl'd Chops, and friſk up and down like an Old Ape, would have put one into a Fit of a Convulſion with Extremity of Laughter.

De Fies. And in perſuance of this Intreague, he has follow'd ye hither to *Verſailes*.

Tonn. Yes, Faith, and is as Hot and Eager upon the Scent, as the youngeſt Hound in a Pack. And ſince I am ſure he knows me not, it may chance to give occaſion for ſome Scenes of Pleaſant Diverſion, for to Crown my Joy, the Dutcheſs *Sanſerre* her Siſter, told me laſt Night, that taking this Advantage of her Husbands abſence, ſhe reſolv'd upon a Frolick alſo hither in Diſguiſe.

De Fies. Very good——why faith now taking all things into nice Conſideration, here is laid, between the Siſters, as pretty a well-modell'd compact Deſign for Cuckold-making, as heart can wiſh; for I have long had my ſelf an old Love-Grudge to the Dutcheſs——tho' my Pretty New Miſtreſs *Vandoſme* has lately——allay'd it; beſides, I know the young *Engliſh Guillamour* is now Lord of the Aſcendant there, which makes the Hot-Spirited Jealous Duke ferment perpetually——

Tonn. Prithee what is that *Guillamour?*

De Fies. Why, faith, a Man of Worth enough; brave, witty, and handſome; he came hither juſt before the War broke out, in his return from Travel: he's one that has all along profeſs'd an unbyaſs'd Candour for his Country, and their preſent King, for which he was ſome time Impriſon'd in the *Baſtile*, till by the Power and Intereſt of the Duke *de Crequi*, his intimate Friend, he was ſet at Liberty; and now only ſtays till ſome private Affairs are diſpatch'd, and then returns to *England*.

Enter Rambure.

Ram. Monſieur——you may remember juſt now, you call me de Pimp; me come now to tell you, dat dere is below de Old Madamoſelle, dat uſe to bring de young Prett——Womans, de Maſquerele——de She-Pimpa begar would ſpeak with you.

De Fies. Irreverend Rogue, D'e know who you ſpeak of? Shee's an Emiſary from the God of Love, ye Dog, therefore I charge ye goe and Introduce her with Ceremony.

Ram. Me voud kick her vid Ceremony begar vid all mine heart. [*Exit.*

Enter Grossiere. [*whispers* Fiesque.

De Fies. I'll dispatch away the Company you see here imediately; And prithee tell her I long for her Company——take this thy self too in part of my Acknowledgments, [*gives her Money.*

Gross. What no Present then for her?——indeed,——Is it so Indifferent with ye? you shall have but an indifferent Entertainment then, I can assure ye that my frugal Gentleman—— [*Aside and Exit.*

Tonn. I need not ask thee whither it be a Love Message, but prithee is it from that dear pretty Cherubin that I us'd to see with thee, that thou told'st me of just now, was a Bastard of the Familly of *Vandosme.*

De Fies. Why then, Sir, to satisfy your Curiosity, 'tis from the very same, shee's coming to visit me.

Tonn. Gad thou'rt a happy fellow,——for, of all Creatures I ever saw, except my dear Countess, she is the most Charming; And is she thy own too, dear Rogue, hah? And art thou sure of her?

De Fies. Sure of her, no Gad, no more then I should be of my shaddow, if I thought to catch it; for even in the Crittical moment when I am in Bed with her, and one would think then a Man were sure of a Woman; if one word or accident cross her, *Presto*, she's gone like a Juglers Ball in a moment, and then if you think to stop her, like a hunted Cat, she takes but one Spring, and is imediately from the Top of the Stairs to the Bottom.

Tonn. This is Miraculous, Sure, thou art not a good Bedfellow, and do'st not use a Woman well,——What can be the reason of this?

De Fies. Dam'd humour, nothing but dam'd humour, by Heaven, and because thou shalt not be too Envious of my happiness, I will now mix it with some allay, know therefore that this Angel Creature we are speaking of, has by Intervals and Fits, more and worse humours than all the Shee Devils put 'em together in *Belzebub's Seraglio*; there never was such appearance of Saint and Spirit of Satan mixt in one Woman, since the Creation, talk to her this minute, her brow shall be unclouded, Sweet and serene, her Aire Innocent and Ingaging, and her whole Composure all Harmony, Softness and quiet, and yet the next, Cross her but with a Trifle, she shall roar louder than a Storm, Swear, Curse, tear your Perruke, Linnen, throw Bottles, Glases, Knives, Forks, nay Chairs and Stools at your Head, in less time then I have been making the Description.

Tonn. Why this is a very Devil Indeed,——But canst thou that art a Man of Sence and Spirit bear it and proceed.

De Fies. Oh friend, tho this Devil in her,——I confess my Philosophy should teach me, to conjure and avoid; yet when her Charming Person and the Joyes she sometimes gives me comes into my memory, her Cherubs Face, soft touch, and fragrant Breath,——I doubt my Sence, and think her all o'r Angel——Oh I Love her friend and she too too well knows it,——She comes, prithee leave me for half an hour,——And take a turn in the Garden, 'tis possible e're long I may wean may Self——in the mean time reprove me not but Pitty me.

Tonn. Pitty

Tonn. Pitty——Faith instead of that I'll do more for thee then I have done for my self this Seaven years——i'll go pray for thee——for take it from me thy Case is desperate. [*Exit* Tonnere.

Enter Vandosme.

De Fies. So Venus Mov'd, when drawn by Ciprian Doves,
She met *Adonis* in the Mirtle Groves;
With Rosy face, and loose Expanded Hair,
Exposing all that's Charming, all that's fair.

Vand. Hey day, What silly fancy's this? What in the name of Poverty has set ye a Rhyming this morning?——Phoo, Jesu——how hot——'tis grown o'th sudden? I was bewitch'd, I think, to come out to day.

De Fies. Why how now Sweet? What desponding the first minute you see me? prethee remember, Child, 'tis me thou com'st to see, I am I, my dear, the Man that Loves thee, Loves thee beyond the World; and Gad, if desert may take place, deserve thy Love again, better then any Man in't.

Vand. Lord you are always so full of your own Desert, if others could but see so much in ye, 'twere well.

De Fies. Why can you see none at all in me.

Vand. Pish, Lord, What a do's here every day with your desert, pray don't Expect any flattery from me, I am not in a humour?——I met a plaguy Black Coat at my first coming out this Morning——I am sure there is some ill coming towards me——would the Devil had them. I had rather a Raven should Cross my Way, than a Priest, a thousand times.

De Fies. Fye Child, Wouldst thou let such a Trifle as that put thee out of humour when thou wert coming to see me?

Vand. Well, well, If you don't like my humour, pray let me be gone, here's no body will Confine thee too't that I know of. [*Offers to go.*

De Fies. Nay——nay, begon; why that is more ridiculous now than t'other; prithee dear Child do but Consider what a strange humour this is.

Vand. Well, well, If it be a strange humour, let it be so, I know no body will mend it.

De Fies. Oh woman, woman, woman, for one dear Charming minute of Pleasure amongst one hundred thousand of discontent, What are we poor Mortals Men born to Suffer.

Vand. Why this is the Devil now——always complaining, complaining, always uneasy; pish, pray let me go, I have other business to do then to stand fooling here.

De Fies. Oh ungrateful! How can you call the chief, nay the most Advantagious business of your Life fooling? come, this is a dissimulation so gross you ought to blush at it——but you know my Love can hide a thousand such Erorrs as this——Oh——by Heaven I love thee so intirely that——

Vand. Love me——yes Sir——you take care to shew it mightily, your Love was exprest extreamly in your Actions yesterdeay, D'ye remember the Flea.

De Fies. The Flea——

Vand. Yes, Sir, the Flea——which tho an Inconsiderable thing in it self,

yet you know I paſſionately Lov'd it, and for you when I took it out of its Box, to let it dine upon my breaſt, to come with your rubbing bruſh Chin, and horſe-play, to fright it, and make it leap into the Fire——was an Injury I'll never forgive: D'ſlife——would the fire had been big enough, and you had been bound to leap into it your ſelf.

De *Fies.* Ah, ſweet Nature, how I Love thee, prithee have ſome mercy, Child, and conſider your wiſh is a double Curſe upon me, for I, poor Flea, as I am, already burn with Love of thee, and to wiſh me to hop into another Fire before I am purg'd in this, is a Martyrdom unexampled——'Tis beyond St. *Lawrences* Gridiron, or any of the old Perſecutions.

Vand. Oh, witty Sir, you may talk on, and fancy you are minded if you pleaſe.

De *Fies.* And ſo then the burning of this Flea, to Exalt my misfortunes, has been the notable occaſion of this your quarrel to me.

Vand. This or any other occaſion, ſo I do but quarrel with thee*——I'l not give yea any account what's the occaſion——or if I do, you and your Actions perhaps are my averſion, that's the occaſion. [* *Aſide.*

De *Fies.* Is my Love become a Trouble?

Vand. Oh pray call it by its right Name Impertinence, and then I can anſwer——that is always a trouble.

De *Fies.* Inſuportable vexation——now am I ready to choak with fretting. [*Spets.*

Vand. Ugh——now hawking and Spitting——on purpoſe to ſpoyle ones Stomach to ones Dinner, egh. [*Kecks.*

De *Fies.* What a Devil——muſt not I ſpet for ye, when I have occaſion? ſure I may ſpet, Madam. [*Aloud.*

Vand. Oh, your Lungs up with all my heart, Death and Hell let me be gone. [*Aloud to him.*

De *Fies.* No, no, you have a Fit upon ye, and I won't expoſe ye in Publick till it be off, harkee——Madam, What did you come hither for?

Vand. The Devil knows what I came hither for, would I had been hamſtring'd, or my Feet crippled with Corns, as big as Wallnuts, to have hindred me; you ſhall be leſs viſited henceforward: What a plague d'ee ſtop the door for?

De *Fies.* Nay then my Patience is quiet ſpent, and let me now tell ye, Madam, you ſhall ſtay a little for my humour.

Vand. Your humour; I won't, Fool, D'ſlife keep off your hands, or elſe may Thunder Blaſt me, if my Nailes don't dig as many Holes in your Face as ever the Small-Pox did; thou ſhalt not have three Hairs left in thy Perriwig, and this your Beauſhips Cobweb Steinkirk here ſhall be as quickly Tinder, as——

De *Fies.* Huſh, Devil, there's ſome body at the Gate, [*knocks within.* and methinks I am ſtill loth to make thee Scandalous, tho' thou deſerv'ſt it Richly—— [Fieſque *is going.*

Enter Tonnere *haſtily.*

Ton. Dear *Fieſque* forgive me this Intruſion, which I was compell'd to make,

make, to secure my self; the Marquis *de la Fert*, one of my greatest Enemies, is below to speak with thee, and thy Ignorant unthinking *Valet* was just bringing him into the Garden where I was——this Pretty Lady, I think, has seen me thus Equipt before; And, I hope, will Excuse me, that I thus rudely shelter my self in this Sanctuary——where Angels are, there always must be safety * [* *Bowing to* Vandosme, *and she modestly returns.*

De *Fies*. He has heard nothing I perceive, [*Aside*] well, Count, since your good Fortune has brought you hither, I'll trust you with my Paradice for once, and go and dispatch the Marquis, and be with ye presently.* [* *Exit, shaking his head at* Vendosme.

Tonn. A Paradice indeed, too happy Friend, that hast in thy possession all that's Charming——Pray, Madam, please to give me an Answer to one thing —* [* *They sit down.*

Vand. If my small capacity can do it, Sir——Pray what is it? [*Modestly.*

Tonn. Do you think the Gentleman that went out just now can ever be sav'd?——

Vand. What a Divel does he mean by that Question?—— [*Aside.* Bless me! Why not, Sir?——We all have Faults, 'tis true, but you know Grace, Sir, Repentance———[*Calmly.*

Tonn. Oh, Madam, yes—— I know Grace and Repentance goes a great way——Was there ever any thing so Seraphick?——[*Aside.*] But, Madam, for another Reason, I should think he cannot; for he has so perfect a Heaven here in Enjoying you, that to have it hereafter too, would be Injustice to us his Fellow-Creatures, the Blessing would be too much for his share.

Vand. Oh, Sir, I find you have the Court-Lesson perfectly——Whatever is to come hereafter, you, I'm sure, have more then a Double Blessing here, A Charming Wit, a Graceful Person, and then a Tongue——that if I durst give Eare too't——Oh Heaven!

Tonn. What, dear Charmer, what, * She's a Miracle, Igad, a [* *Aside.* very Saint.

Vand. Believe, even what you pleas'd——yet, Sir, tho my nature is Easy, Mild, Soft, and too Credulous, yet I am taught by your Friends Example here——not always to think what Men say is Gospel——he us'd to talk so too.

Tonn. And does he faulter now? Oh barbarous Wretch——I find it now *Fiesques* Character of her was a meer Banter on me; D'slife, she's a meer Angel. [*Aside.*

Vand. Alas his Humour is too rough for me——that's well put in, in case he should have heard any Noise——just now [*Aside.*

Tonn. Oh rude, Intolerable rude, Madam——Gad, I'll be even with [*Aside* him; And can you then resolve, Sweet Angel, to be Charm'd Eternally to such uneasiness—— Will you propose no relieve to your self?

Vand. Onely by Patience, Sir; I'm skilless in revenging Injuries.

Tonn. No other Remedy, pray think agen, Sweet.

Vand. My Sighs and Tears—— [*Pretends to Weep.*] and thoſe, when they fall, are Miliſtones—— [*Aſide.*

Tonn. Tender as Infant Innocence——a very *Magdalen.* [*Aſide.*] Yes Madam, there's a third effectual Remedy——which thus I offer ye——my Faithful Service——Dear, dear Counteſs, I beg thy Pardon——I muſt be a Rogue for a few Minutes; 'tis impoſſible for me to avoid it—— I'm ready, Sweet, to relieve ye from *Fieſque*; he has forfeited the Bonds of Friendſhip, by traducing you to me: Oh Execrable Villany!——Why he ſaid you had the humour of a Devil.

Vand. Too kind to him, the ungrateful Creature knows, but ſince he dares behind my back detract me.

Tonn. Revenge it Madam, if you have any Spirit, and ſince our tyme's too ſhort here to propoſe right methods, know Madam, we are to have the Fiddles to night at the Duke *de Sanſerres*—— pleaſe but to meet me there, and fear not, the reſult ſhall anſwer Expectation.

Vand. A Devils humour did he ſay?——Oh! I could cry my Eyes out. [*Weeps.*

Tonn. Soft, gentle ſweetneſs——Why what a lying Rogue is this *Fieſque*——come dear Creature——your promiſe.

Vand. Well, ſince he could be ſo baſe——there's my hand, I'll come.

Tonn. That's right——here he comes——clear up ſweet and feign a ſmile or two, and let us talk of News.

Vand. I'l warrant ye.

Re-Enter de Fieſque.

Tonn. Yes, yes, 'tis Certain, Madam, the *Grand Seignour* has paſs'd the *Danube*, and with an Army of Fifty Thouſand *Janizarys*, is come by *Niſſa* in his March towards *Belgrad.*

Vand. Why then Sir, if the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, and the other thundering *Baſſa* what d'ee call him, come and Joyn him, 'tis as certain that——hum—— I ſay, 'tis as certain that they'l —— that they will bring a great deal of Powder and Shot with 'em, there will be thundering doings amongſt 'em.

De Fies. Hugh, hapily Concluded that truly——What has my coming frighted ye into Polliticks? I wiſh there has been no thundering doings here ſence I left ye, the falſe Lady there methinks looks ſomewhat Guiltilly, and you, Madam, if I miſtake not, are a great deal better in humour, than when I left ye.

Vand. Who I? no: I Vow, I think I'm much at one——but one can't help being a little diverted to obſerve the Count's behaviour in his diſguiſe, I vow he's the beſt manager of a Womans Petticoats that ever I ſaw.

De Fies. Humph, Do's he mannage womens Petticoats ſo well Indeed, Madam?

Tonn. Thou art the veryſt Tirant *Fieſque*, the moſt Inſulting Triumpher, by Heaven 'twere but a peice of Juſtice in Fortune, to whirle thee from thy preſent heighth of Happineſs, and cruſh thee with the Charriot thou

now drivest——now does he feign a Jealousy, Madam, out of meer Ostentation and Vain-glory.

Vand. He may feign, Sir——but alas, he never could Love well enough to be really Jealous —— What would I give to have power to make him so?——or that I had so much Gall——to Rail enough—— to make him Angry.

De Fies. Oh impossible, Madam!——Impossible——for you, with that Turtle disposition, to Raile; —— why, 'twould be a Prodigy——this is a subtle Banter, grounded on some Mischievous Design by both of 'em, and yet I dare not own I understand it. [*Aside.*

Tonn. Well, Adieu ye happy Lovers—— I can look on ye no longer without Envy, and therefore must withdraw in my own Defence——Besides, I expect my dear Countess in Town to Night——She is my stately Banquet of Love; this shall be my little pretty *repas de plasire* by the by——— [*Aside.*

De Fies. So Calme when I return, yet when I went so Stormy———What can I think of this. [*Exit* Tonnere.

Vand. O you must not think at all of it; in such a humour I know not what I say——Forgive me, dear Sir: Belive me, 'twas onely Passion—— Come, you must, you shall forgive me.

De Fies. Oh thou bewitching Creature—— I am Charm'd, and 'tis in vain to struggle——But must *Tonnere* share with me too——for some Intreague there is betwixt ye I'm sure.

Vand. Pish——A Boy—— A Novice—— A Marchpane Toy for Green-Ey'd Girls to play with———I'll never speak a word to him agen as long as I live.

De Fies. And have ye no Intreague?

Vand. Believe me, none. [*Looking Kindly.*

De Fies. I do; For who can look on thee, and not believe thee? Come, go in with me, and in my Cabinet I have a Brillant Diamond shall bind thee to be Constant. [*Exit.*

Vand. The Diamond shall be wellcome, what e'r you are———

'Tis Glittering Profit is my Taking Theme,
Constancy's Folly, Conscience a meer Dream:
My Vows my Promise, or the Oaths I Swear,
I can Shift from me, like the Clothes I wear.
Thus the Wise Woman moulds her Loving Tool;
His best Injoyment is his Flame to Coole;
But hers is alwayes to make him a Fool. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sanferre Solus.

Sans. WHy have the Doting Sages, of all Times, allow'd this Charme, call'd Marriage, yet less hurtful Witchcraft, punish'd as Horrible and Diabolick? The honest Conjurer must be Burnt for's Circle, onely because 'tis thought he Raises Devils; yet the Vile Pulpit Drummer must be Pamper'd, whose Conjuring Rings prepares more Souls for Devils, then all the Seven Deadly Sins together. Here's one Marries in hast a Scold, her Noise makes him think Life a Torment: then a second, one that is Rich, but Ugly——her Deformity eats him with Spleen; he fancy's Hell at home, and that he bears Damnation still about him: A Third torments with Pride; a Fourth with Wantonness; whose Face, Shape, Aire, Address, and Jigging Motion, giving the Lover hope: The Husband's Jealousy, 'twixt hot Desire and fierce Revenge, Dams both. Now one o'th' worst of this Curst Tribe am I, doom'd to th' worst too of Husbands Torments, Jealousy; which, like a Ravenous Canker, knaws my heart, and grants me no Cesation to my Doubt——here comes my Credulous Brother-in-Law, old *Brissac*, the meer Antipodes to me in Humour; he, tho' he Married a young Wife, fears nothing; simply secure of her, and partial to himself, in spite of Time, believes he's young; Talks, Drinks, Sings, Dances, Dresses like a Beau, and is never better pleas'd then when you say, Years leave no mark upon him——Pox on him, I must be Civil to him——So, Brother, I hope am so happy to have this Visit meant to me.

Enter Brissac.

Brissac. I, I my Lord to you; To whom else should I mean it? Gad, my Lord, we wish'd heartily for ye where I have been; two or three young brisk Fellows of us would have diverted your Spleen, Faith, ha, ha, ha--we have been up all Night Serenading my New Mistress——My Lord, what d'ee mean, no Ceremony I beseech ye? I have but just been at home to New Rig, Wash, Powder, Patch, and put on a clean Cherry-Colour'd Cravat-string.

Sans. And dare you publickly own a New Mistress, Count, without fear of a Revenge from your Lady at home, if she should hear on't?——Is not there such a thing in Nature as a New Gallant?——Won't Horns grow in that Country think ye?

Brissac. No, my Lord——the onely proper Soyle that I know for 'em to grow fast in, is your Lordship's Head.

Sans. 'Pox

Sans. 'Pox on him; Pray Heaven he does not Prophesy. [*Aside.* Come, don't be too secure, Old Count.

Brissac. Old Count——— What a plague and just come from Serenading---my Patch on—Peruke Powder'd,and Cherry-Colour'd-Cravat-string ——Old Count———Harkee, my Lord, the first sign of Age is tobe Jealous of ones Wife, take that from me, Old Duke.

Sans. Nay, that's no General Rule, Brother.

Brissac. Most veritable— for 'tis ten to one he that suspects his Wife, does, in some kind, find a Defect in, and Suspect himself. And he that Suspects himself— 'tis vehemently to be suppos'd has some Feeble, Lepid——Frigid——Causes, that thank my Stars, I am a Stranger to—— [*Leaps at every word.*

Sans. Very well, Sir, I'm glad to see you so Active.

Brissac. Humph— Indifferent well for an Old Count: *Harkee, my Lord,Shall you and I run a Heat to Morrow morning,for Fifty Pistols,three times round the Park. [**Limps to him.*

Sans. O not so fast, good Count——You Run——why I see ye halt now——you are foundred already.

Brissac. A Corn—a plaguee Corn I have, a Pox on't; I trod upon a Nail with't———Halt———Oon's, I can run Forty Mile an end without breathing.

Sans. Come, come, take a Friend's Advice, and be more sparing of your Vigour; or if you will take a Journey of Forty Mile, let it be homeward, upon your Pad-Nag, that your Lady may take care of your Gout, in stead of your Corn——for you may Hop———Frisk, or fancy what you please, Brother, but you are Old.

Brissac. Old agen, and can you, in Conscience, think so my Lord?

Sans. Most unalterably.

Brissac. What——for all my Peruke's Powder'd, and my Patch on?

Sans. Ah that won't do.

Briss. Zoons, what and for all my Cherry-Colour'd-Cravat-string.

Sans. Ay, for all your Cherry-Couler'd-Cravat-string, reserve your Remains for your Lady at home, good brother, and if you are wise look well to her, she may be gadding this minute for ought you know, for take it once more from me, you are old, the Crow-foot appears Brother.

Brissac. Spite by the Gods, meer spite, and burning Envy—— my Wife gadding, Oon's, that I know is this minute sitting at home in her Closset, that looks upon the Pond, Embroydering little Babies upon Dimety to make me a set of Chairs and Stools.

Sans. Ah brother! she is more likely to be making little Babes in your Bed-chamber for you to Embroyder———but since good Councel is lost upon ye, I'll be silent, only Informing ye this, that in Merchandize, Traders can mark their Wares, but a Wife is such a kind of a Commodity,

that a man may be confoundedly cheated in her without missing one Penny-worth of the Property.

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, there's one below to speak with ye, that says his Name is Sir. *Blunder Bosse.*

Brissac. Oh! Pox on him, Is he come then? 'Tis a new Aquaintance of mine, my Lord, he Lodges in the same house with me, gad I must beg your Lordships pardon for presuming upon my Interest here, I have Invited him to dinner——

Sans. The Devil ye have——this old fellow will make me Mad. [*Aside.*

Brissac. Oons, he's the rarest humorist, the most odd out of the way fellow, my Lord, that ever you knew——he's a right Mungril by Birth——his Father was an English North Country Wooller, for his Wealth made a Knight, who trading afterwards into *Holland* begot him upon a Dutch Woman in *Rotterdam*——And to see his way of Breeding, and hear——his method of Speech——is a Rarity you han't met with; harkee, boy, boy, Prithee what did he say too thee?

Page. Why he ask'd me first whose little Pimp I was.

Brissac. Hah a hah——well, And what else?——

Page. And when I told him I was *Page* to the Duke *de Sanserre*, he ask'd me if the Mangy Curr, Old *Brissac*, were not with him.

Brissac. Ay——ay——'tis his way my Lord, 'tis his way——

Page. And what other Dogs and Bitches were in the Company?

Brissac. Ha, ha, ha, 'tis a strange sort of a fellow; go go, prithee bring him up, he calls every Body without distinction, by such names——'tis his way my Lord, Did you Lordship ever hear of such a Humour?

Sans. No: the Devil take me, nor I never since I was Born, confusion——What Company am I to have at Dinner? [*Aside.*

Enter Sir Blunder.

Brissac. Oh, Sir *Blunder!* your Servant——and with my Lord's leave here you are welcome.

Sir *Blun.* Ay,—with all my heart, take whose leave thou wilt——well, you see ye old Theif I have found ye out at last, tho like a Cur Dog as you were, you gave but Scurvy Directions——Dost hear, is that the Duke thou toldst me of.

Brissac. Ay, ay, Sir *Blunder*, this is the Duke, my Brother in Law.

Sir *Blun.* Hugh——I knew one *Gulchen*, that us'd to carry Sacks to the *Pinnace* in our Dock at *Rotterdam*——just like him, 'tis a good lusty fore-handed well-set Son of a Bitch.

Sans. Sir——

Brissac. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——his way Brother his way—— I told ye——

Sir *Blun.*

Sir *Blun.* Give me thy hand, Bully, Stiff-rump——What art loth to shew it? Hast got the Itch?——why ye whoreson dog, you, you and I must be better acquainted before we part, my name's *Bosse*, Egh. [*Belches.*

Brissac. Ha, ha, ha, Brother, What dost think? Didst ever see such a sort of a Fellow? Gad, I don't think there's the like of him within the four Seas.

Sans. No, nor within the four quarters of the World, I dare answer for him.

Sir *Blun.* Harkee dogs-head——prithee tell him that I am a Sociable Fellow and Love to be familliar.

Sans. Oh! Sir, I need no telling, I see it plainly, you are so far from Complementing, and care so little for Corupting a Language with fine Epithites, that you give it us as 'tis primitively spoke——for Rogue, Dog, and such words are commonly the first we learn.

Sir *Blun.* Right, Dear Son of a Whore, thou'rt in the right, faith; and I have been bred up in that way ever since: plain words have plain meaning. 'Tis true, sometimes when we have a Mind to Abuse any Body, we use the glozing *English* way of Prating——as thus now, I have Forty thousand pounds in my Purse, if I call any Acquaintance of mine Dog, Scowndrel, Rascal, or so, why I mean him well, and if he wants, will supply him with Five hundred pounds——but when I Niggle him with Dear Friend, and Sweet Sir, and upon my Honour you shall Command me, or so forth——tho' he were certainly starving, Gads bud, I would not give him a Penny.

Sans. Why you ought to be valued extreamly for this Plain-dealing Sir *Blunder.*

Sir *Blun.* I, I dear Pimp——I am honest at Bottom, and that's more then any of your Complementers can pretend to; but do'st hear, prithee let me see thee at my Lodging——Gad I'll give thee a swinging Bowl of Punch——there's an *English* Son of a Curr, a Lord he is, tho'——one *Guillamour*——newly come to lye there too: the Dog is a rare Joker faith, I'll bring him into thy Company.

Sans. Guillamour——Ds'death, how the Name startles me! for I have often heard my Brother *Brissac* say, that the House where he Lodges joyns to my Garden: Well, Sir, go on, And what of this *Guillamour?*

Blun. What of him? why he's an Arch-Thief, a Plaguee Fellow at Wench——and the Rogue has found one out at the House joyning to us, she comes to him every Night into the Garden, and he Whispers to her out of his Chamber-Window.

Sans. Hell and the Devil, it must be my Wife——for I've observ'd of late she has taken an Evening's Walk there——oftner than usual——ay, ay. 'tis so, I'm certainly abus'd, and all my Blood's on fire at the thought on't: Now, Count, here's a Discovery made by Chance——of your dam'd Sister's Intreague with *Guillamour*; What say ye now, am I still blindly Jealous?

Brissac. Phoo, pox, one of the Chambermaids comes to him I warrant, or some such Trifle.

Sir *Blun.*

Sir *Blund.* I've seen a Ramping thing in a Painted Night-gown twinkle there in an Evening——I saw her Face once, 'twas a good handsome Bitch, Faith.

Sans. Still, still my dam'd Wife; for she has such a Night-Gown— Oh Confusion! Is there no Faith in the Cursi Sex?——No honour?——but Patience till I discover more; I'll have a Trick this Evening to surprize 'em both, and I'll about it instantly——Brother, you and your Friend must excuse me, that *I* can't entertain you my self at Dinner, a sudden Affair, which *I* had forgot, hurries me hence; but pray Command my House till your Sister comes, who went out this Morning about some private Affair of her own, but no doubt will soon be here —— your Servant. [*Exit.*

Brifs. Oh your Servant, my Lord, your Servant, here's an odd Whim for ye.

Brissac. Your Discovery, Sir *Blunder*, was the cause of this sudden going; *I* tipt the Wink upon ye two or three times, but, like a Millstone, down a Hill, there was no stopping ye when ye were rowling.

Sir *Blun.* What's the Clodpate Jealous?——nay then I warrant he's a Cuckold——

Brissac. Gad, Cuckold or not Cuckold——I'm resolv'd my Sister, nor my Lord neither, shan't be surpriz'd this time; for *I*, my self, will give 'em timely Caution: What a Pox, my Blood runs warm, and *I* love these Young Tricks heartily; I'll therefore, like a kind Brother of Intrigue, prevent their being Catch't in the Evening——Then return with the Fiddles, Entertain my Mistriss, who is to be here with my Sister, by Appointment, and so all of us Laugh at my Lord——Come, Sir *Blunder*, we'll take none of his Dinner, since he is so Morose not to stay with us.

Sir *Blun.* Well, well; Prithee good Rascal goe where thou wilt, I'll follow thee; but, as to my Lord's Morosenes, for my part *I* mind it not; 'tis a common thing with us, at *Rotterdam*——you shall have a Burger there Invite ye to a Shoulder of Mutton, and just as 'tis set on the Table, if any sudden business happens, he shall snatch it out o'th' Dish, and Lock it up, run out of Doors, and leave you behind to suck your Fingers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Dutchess Sanserre, *and Lady* Brissac, *Dress'd in Mens Clothes, and* Tonnere.

L. *Brifs.* Nothing in Nature can make a Wife more Easy, than her Husband's good opinion of her: and *I* have moulded my Old Count so well to my hand—— that if *I* should tell him my self, that *I* am really here in Specie, and run awayout of the Country hither, upon a Frolick, *I* dare Swear he would not believe his own Eyes.

Tonn. Nay,

Tonn. Nay, dear Madam, do you but blind him on one Eye, and let me alone for t'other——for he is so Mortify'd with his Passion for me, that he dares make use of none of his Senses but as I shall Direct.

D. San. I believe I must call some body, that shall be nameless, to Council too, about the management of my Conjugal Gentleman, for he begins to be Obstreperously Jealous——And when once they are so, they cease to be Husbands, and turn Jaylors—— for my part, I had as live be in the Bastile, and order'd to feed upon Bread and Water, as be Confin'd to the sneaking allowance that a Parsimonious Husband shall bestow on me.

Tonn. Oh pox, a Husband's allowance, like a Prison Basket, will Starve those that have nothing else to subsist on.

L. Bris. I, 'tis well that we Women have sometimes Courage enough to usurp the Priviledge of Free-born Subjects, and Enjoy by Wit what our Husbands won't grant us by good Nature, for then the Pleasure of deserving 'em is a Substantial happiness. Now do's my codel'd Matrimony securely believe, that *I* am at home looking after the Rose-cakes——or licking my Clammy Fingers after potting up the Marmalade of Quinces—— when God knows *I* am here under his Nose, dress'd en Cavalier—— ready for the Plays, the Musick, the Walks——and *I* may be for variety by to morrow, to please my self, will be in a Fruit Garden twenty Mile off, with a very good Friend.

Tonn. Ay gad, and *I* hope at night, dear Madam, be better pleas'd in a better Place with a very good friend.

D.Sans. All Entertainments are priz'd as the Apetite is inclin'd, Count now if the Peaches, Apricocks, and Frontiniack Grapes, the Viand delicate——of the day shall regale my Sister better than your night treat; Lord, How Sneakingly you'd look in the Morning?

L. Bris. *I* Swear he relishes——So much of our Sex, by wearing Petticoats so long——that if we chance to be straightn'd for Lodging, And *I* should be forc'd——to Roost with him——*I* Vow *I* should fancy *I* was going to bed to my Nurse, you'd be a very Nurse Count.

Tonn. Such a Confounded Nurse, *I* should make too Child, gad, *I* fear, thou wouldst never be able to endure me. For *I* should be plaguy Cross if you tumbled or squawl'd in the Night time, if you'd take the Nipple quietly you might——but if *I* gave ye any thing with a Spoon the Devil take me.

D. Sans. *I* don't know what sort of Nurse the Count would make, Sister, but by his way of talking, he would make an Excellent Midwife—— or else some Gossip Hostess——Oh! he would make a delicate Gossip at a City Christning, for he talks just as they do to one another in a Lying-in-Room.

Tonn. Ay, or as you do to one another in your dressing Rooms.

L. Bris. Come, come, prithee leave this unprofitable Chat, and show me the Garden and Rarities——*I* warrant there's twenty new Monsters

come

come since *I* was here——besides, *I* have been so long tormented in the Country with the lowing of Cows, bleating of Sheep, and Cawing of Rooks, that the least of the Town diversion's a Calf with four Legs, or a Russia Ram, with a long Tail, will be a Rarity to me——or else let's go to the Opera——No, no, Stay——the Water-works, the Water-works——Oh God! but then they say there's the rarest *Italian* Rope-dancer come over——And a wonderful Creature, that has three or four Sexes——D'slife I've no patience till *I* see them all.

D. Sans. What altogether Sister? Prithee let 'em be seen one after another, if you Love me.

Tonn. The greatest Rarity you can see, Madam, in this Disguise will be your Husband making Love to me, he's to bring the Fiddles here by and by; prithee dear Angel see that first for my Satisfaction.

L. Bris. With all my heart, and I'll Man it so, *I* warrant he never knows me, I'll venter what his Instinct can do for once; *I* believe——*I* may be a true or a false Princess as *I* please, *I* need not fear any discovery he can make by his Lyon like vertue. [*Exeunt* Tonn. *and* Brissac.

L. Sans. 'Tis a wild giddy-headed Creature——and *I* must take care to govern her Indiscretion for my own sake——let me see——[*Looks on Watch.*] 'Tis almost the hour——that by apointment *I* am to meet my dear *Guillamour* at the window on the other side the Garden, an assignation *I* would not break to be Mistress of *Versailes*——bless me! Is not this he? or do my Eyes Dazle?

Enter Guillamour, *and* L. Buske.

Guill. That's Impossible; but mine do always dazle when they meet thy Luster, thou brightest and most Lovely of thy kind.

L. Sans. Heavens! my Lord, you amaze me——How durst you venture hither, my Husband being here, and knowing his Humour?

Guill. Led by resistless Love and a kind Genius that helps a Lover still on bold adventures to unriddle the Mistery, know, my better Angel, that the Marquess has casually had Information of our Window-Intreague, but my good Old friend *Sessac*, happening to be there at the time of the Discovery, and finding the Jealous Marquess was resolv'd to surprize us, was coming in all hast to give me caution, whom *I* luckilly met Just as we saw your Coach return home. Mrs. *L. Buske* here being at the Window, *I* beckon'd her down——the rest which will make you Laugh, and the reason of my ventring hither, you shall have from her.

L. Busk. Ha, ha, ha, yes if *I* have——breath enough to tell it for laughing——ha, ha, ha, be pleas'd to know then Madam——that Mrs. *Danbray* the new Spy that my Lord has lately Entertain'd, has been dressing him up in your blew Night-gown and head-clothes, in which he makes so awkard a Figure, t'would make one Dye to see him, he's just gon to the Window that opens upon the wall——the tother side of the Garden——*I* got so near, that *I* found his business was to watch for my Lord here, and

and that he would stay at his Post some hours——which made me assure him, that he might venture to you without danger.

Guill. Ay Gad, and for that Assurance, there's a Token of my Love for thee, Ha, ha, ha; Was there ever so provoking an Adventure? Faith, Madam, it is but reasonable we should Pay this diligent Watchman for his Waiting.

L. *Sans.* I am for having him deserve a little more first; we can, at last, but Pay him alltogether——

Guill. Gad, for the Honour of my dear Country, *England*, I'm of a Temper, that desires to render every one his due; methinks I long to be out of his Debt.

L. *Sans.* For Punctual Payment of such kind of Debts, *I* have heard indeed, that your *Englishmen* are very Conscienciouſ, if Cuckoldome would pay a Cittizen's Bill——the good Apron-man need never stir over his own Threshold to Dun ye —— But come, my Lord, not to discourage your Generous Intentions quite, I'll make ye a Present of my Picture here, * the Shadow that you have so long desir'd; but *I* charge ye to think of no Substances——at least for a certain time that I shall prefix——What,—— 'tis but reason you should Invoke your Saint, before you enter your Paradice. [* *Gives her Picture.*

Guill. Invok * Ds'heart I shall turn Idolater, and forty to one be dam'd about it * Oh! thou dear, sweet, pretty portraite of my Parradise Indeed—— [*Kisses Eagerly the Picture.*

L. *Sans.* To enjoy which Imaginary Paradice then——My Lord, for the present, I'll leave ye, to go and Play an After-Game with my Jealous Matrimony yonder——the result of it, and where we next shall meet, I'll send you word in a Billet: in the mean time, Adieu, Seducer of this heart of mine.

Guill. Joy Great, as thou to me, be always thine——[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sanserre *Dress'd in his Ladies Night-Gown and Petticoate, and Nightcloths——A Pistol in his Hand.*

Sans. No Bolting yet —— And th' usual hour past; sure she's grown pall'd to her New Amoretto; methinks, he else would be more Punctual. Here is a hot Remembrancer shall meet his Glowing Passion with a quicker Flame: Stay——let me think a little what I'm doing; Eternal Devil! Are these the Joys of Marriage? * Here am I trick'd up like a Summer Bawd, Dress'd in the Tawdry Trappings of her Function, to take Revenge on a young Hotbrain'd Fellow, for onely managing the Common Fortune Intail'd on most of the Dull Fools that Marry, Cuckold — Damnation Cuckold——horrid sound, in that dear Bed, where, for my Term of Life, I fix'd my Pleasure, and my Soul's repose, to meet a Toad, for such to me's another, tho dress'd in all the Pride of Lavish Nature, is the worst of Torments, and extreamest Hell: the Window's open, What's that. [*A Country Wench appears, and A Fellow at the Window.*

'tis he sure; the shade o'th' Trees eclipse my light——I'll go nearer, that he may Lure me to him, for 'tis certainly he: Now do I expect to be Harrangu'd with some Lovers Amorous Couplet, beginning with

[*Mimicks a Lovers whining Voice.*

So Walk'd *Clarinda* midst the Mirtle Grove,
Like the Queen-Mother of the Stars above.
And I'll Answer, like *Vulcan*, with Bullet and Fire.

Wench. Well, 'tis a pure Song, I'll say't; Good Honny, *Roger*, Teach it me it once more.

Roger. Come——with all my heart; Strike up then —— hem, hem.

Sans. Hah! What's that?

Roger Sings.] There was *Andrew* and *Susan*, *Rebecca* and *Will*;

Wench. *Roger* and *Sisly*, and *William* and *Mary*,

Rog. There was *Kate* of the Kitchin, and *Kit* of the Mill.

Wench. *John* the Ploughman, and *Jone* of the Dairy.

Roger. To Sollace their Hearts, and to Sweeten their Labour,

Wench. All met on a time with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Sans. How——Nothing but two dirty Devils Singing a Dam'd Ballad; sure I have not mistook the Window; * Ds'death, what a Squaling Noise the Quean makes. [* *Offer agen, Sing agen.*] Hah, agen; A Plague on ye, stop your Braying, or I'll Shoot. [*They Squeak, and Exit.*

Daub. Oh, my Lord, we are ruin'd! your Design, by some means or other, has taken Aire, and they are turning it yonder all into Raillery: there's a Window and a Garden it seems at t'other side o'th' House, which that Dunce, Sir *Blunder*, mistook for this, and another Lady there too.

Sans. Ds'death! What with another Painted Night-gown and Petticoat——

Daub. So it seems, my Lord; besides, I saw my Lord *Guillamour*, and your Brother *Brissac* this moment at the Door, shaking hands, and Laughing, till they shook agen; and, by what I can guess by him, he's bringing him in.

Sans. The Devil he is——D'sdeath, I shall be the Laughing-stock of the whole Town——the very Footmen will Point at me——and ten to one, in three days time, have another Horrid Ballad made of the Noble Duke, and Sung to as Confounded a Tune, at my own Window——Run *Daubray*, and shut the Dining-Room Door, that I may sneak up the Back-stairs into my Chamber before they come.

Daub. Ah 'tis impossible, my Lord, they are got as far as the Garden already, and see, here comes my Lady.

Enter Dutchess Sanserre.

Sans. What a Devil shall I say unto her now?

D. *Sans.* So, Mrs. *Daubry*, this is very fine Confidence indeed, the first Week my Lord has Entertain'd ye—— What Creature, Have you been so Sawcy to Dress in my Clothes? ——Ha, let me see [*Turns him about.*] ah, ——in the Name of Virtue, is this possible? --By that Bak'd Pear-colour'd Complection, and that Stubbl'd Chin——this must be a Man——O thou odious Creature——How dare you bring your filthy odious Fellows here, to Debauch my things with?

Sans.

Sans. I must brush through with it some way or other [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, I must Cleer Mrs. *Daubray* — And pray reform your Mistake—— 'tis I.

D. *Sans.* How, my Lord?—— bless me——my Lord——In the Name of Virtue what Riddle's this?—— What means this Metamorphosis?

Sans. Humph--I think I've got a Lye will fit her [*Aside*] Why my Brother *Brissac*—— intends to bring the Fiddles here this Evening——and I intended to Surprize the Company in Masquerade ——being mighty frollicksome to day.

D. *Sans.* Frollicksome, my Lord——What with your Pistol there? Your Frollick, I find, would have had more of Revenge in't then Mirth, base Man——Must I always be the Miserable Subject of your horrid Jealousy?--- Jealousy, that has always made you as Ridiculous to the World——as it will now be found to be in this——Charming Disguise——Heaven! that you could but see your self how you look.

Sans. Like a Witch in an Extasie, I believe; A Plague upon this head-geer here, would the Devil had the Inventor.

D. *Sans.* But 'tis Satisfaction enough to me, to know, that the shame that constantly attends this Frenzy, is always sufficient Punishment——— which your Grace will apprehend better, when your Visitors within shall enter, in the mean time let me Teach ye this Poetical Maxime.

Let him whose Jealous Brain his Wife suspects,
E're he Expose her Fame, prove her defects;
He that want's Proof, and on his Doubt relies,
Will sink his own, but her Esteem shall rise.

There's a short Touch for ye, and so I leave you to your Baiting—— Sir—— [*Exit.*

Daub. I'll go and seek the Butler, and get a Gill of Comfort, for I'm ready to faint with Fretting as I'm a true Woman. [*Exit.*

Sans. 'Tis so—— here they come—— A Plague upon 'em; and now am I to be half suffocated with the Fulsome Jokes of that Eternal Old Coxcomb *Brissac*——D'sdeath, Is there no Avenue, nor Shelter here? What would I give to be a Rat now for two minutes?——A Rabbit, with a Burrow near me; or any other Vermin, so I had but a Hole to creep into.

Enter Brissac, Tonnere, *Lady* Brissac, Guillamour, *Sir* Blunder, *and* Vandosme.

Sess. Come, before the Fiddles play their Parts, Lets all resolve, by consent, to have a Merry touch or two at my Lord; Prithee mind me, sweet Empress, thou Soveraign Queen of all my Faculties, as the Poet sayes * do but observe me a little [*To Tonnere*] And you, my bold Britton Stick; by me, d'ee hear——I'll Joke him into a Fit of an Ague [*To Guillamour.* but hold—first a word with you, Sir *Blunder.* [*They Whisper.*]

L. *Brissac.* The Loadstone, I find, has lost its Vertue; the Old Spark does not know me; *Ton.* I see it, but--the Defect is in the Steel, and not the Loadstone——A Pox on him, he has no more Natural Sympathy, then if his Skin were Stuft with Straw——

L. *Brifs.* I'll try whether he has or no; for I'm resolv'd to Banter him before we part.

Guill. That Pretty Creature yonder has been Oagling me this half hour, hah——I know her now, it must be She, *Fiesques* Charming Mistress, that the Town Celebrates so for a Miracle of Beauty——Gad, her Smiles give me strange Incouragement, I'll go and talk to her——'Twill be a pretty Amusement for *Sanferre* there, who must then naturally believe my Intreague is with her, and not his Wife. [*Apart, then goes to* Vand.

Vand. What a Bewitching Face and Aire has that *Englishman*? whose very Look so Charmes me, that, by Heav'n, I've hardly Patience to forbear some Love-Extravagance before the Company——hah——he Oagles me too——Now Beauty, do me right——Dear Face perform thy Office. [*Smiles on him.*

Brifs. That's all, Boy; Let him but think 'twas thy Mistake, and for the rest of the Banter let me alone.

Sir *Blun.* Well, well, prethee Old Bullethead don't doubt me; if a Lye will do the Business, my Conscience is Wide enough——Pox, I hate a Jealous Rascal —— more than a Dutch Cook does a French Kickshaw.

Brifs. Come now then, let's all sowse in upon him, like Spaniels upon a Duck in a Pond——I'll set in first——Hey, where are these Fidlers——Come, let's have a Country Dance; Strike up there you Rogues; Come, Cuckolds all-a-Row —— Here's a Bucksome Lass shall be my Partner——What say'st thou to't, my Jolly Sixteen Ribs?——Give me thy hand [*to Sans.* Why where are these Cuckoldly Fidlers to Play this ——— Cuckoldly Dance?——— Strike up, *I* say, to us, The Nimble Cuckold-makers of *Versailles*——Here's one will Foot it Briskly I'faith.

Sans. Harkee—Brother——No more Jesting, d'ee hear, *I* shall grow Angry.

Brifs. Harkee, my Lord——So shall *I*——You have wrong'd my Sister, d'ee hear ——— and *I* have enough in me to call you to Account for't——But hush, no more words on't, for her Quietssake, and the Love of some Body else here, at present *I* pass it by; but if *I* hinder any body from laughing at your Toppings here the Devil take me——ha, ha, ha, why Gentlemen and Ladies here's a surprize will make ye dye with laughing, we are all deceiv'd here—— this is no Lady, Gentlemen but a noble Lord, Gentlemen my Brother the Duke *de Sanferre* Gentlemen who being horribly suspicious of being hornified Genttlemen by his Lady at Court here.

Sans. As his Brother the old Count *Brissac* Gentlemen is foolishly secure of not being hornified by his Lady i'th' Country.

Bris. Has most cunningly dress'd himself ha, ha, ha, in his Ladies Clothes, Gent. with designe to catch her napping, with a certain lusty young English Lord, alias Whoremaster, call'd *Guillamour* Gent.—— at him my young Hercules——speak for thy self now, at him, at him.

Guill. Who he design'd to catch is not my business to examine, but *I* hope his Grace has nothing to say to my Conversation with his Lady.

Sans. Oh, my Lord you are much in the right.

Tonn. His converſation with that Lady——when her coming hither was only an Aſſignation with me, ds'death, What means he? [*aſide.*

Sir *Blun.* Why the ſhort and the long is, *I* was miſtaken in the Whore, and my Lord there like a Coxcomb as he was, was miſtaken in the Window-what a pox there's more windows than one to a houſe ſure, and more Bitches then one in Painted Night-gowns and Peticoats.

L. Briſs. If my Lord had not been diſcoverd to be a Man——by *Jove*, I ſhould have taken him——for a very good fat jolly Lady of mine Acquaintance.

Sans. Which very good fat jolly Lady——is a Baud I'm ſure, for that lewd ſmock-fac'd Imp can have no other acquaintance.

Tonn. I hope, Madam, my Lord has not ſo wholly Ingroſs'd your Converſation, but you may have leaſure to put in your Jeſt too; pray give me your opinion, methinks the head-clothes ſitting ſo awry look like tawdry Mrs. *Quakine*—— fitting at Cards in her Chamber, the Evening of the day ſhe has taken Phyſick. [*to* Vandoſme.

Briſs. Ha, ha, ha, ha—— dear Empreſs——a witty Obſervation faith.

Sans. Oh! I'm ſorry they don't pleaſe ye Madam, I hope your Comode there ſits cocking ſtraight enough.

Guill. And the Night-gown there ſo looſe and Negligent, looks juſt like the tawdry Counteſs of *Jerſy* in a morning without her Stays.

Sans. What's that you ſay, Sir? [*Angrily.*

Vand. Oh fye! How ill a frown becomes that Dreſs, which I confeſs I muſt own is moſt extreamly perticular.

Sans. Is it indeed ſo perticular——Madam?

Sir *Blun.* Oon's——the Dog looks like a Hermophrodite——at a Leaguer, drinking of Brandy with a Corporal of the Guard. [*They all laugh.*

Sans. Nay, if that Porpuſs be ſpouting too, 'tis time to ſhun drowning indeed, a plague of your Merriment——D'ſheart I ſhall grow Mad if I ſtay and unman my ſelf—— [*Exit* Sanſerre.

Briſs. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——Now is he gon to vent the reſt of his confounded humour upon his *Valet de Chambre*, and Pages——a pox on't, this comes of foolish Jealouſy; who the Devil would be Jealous, it makes a Man old, ill-natur'd, ill Company, ill-belov'd; And brings a thouſand Inconveniences; a pox I hate the very thought on't.

Tonn. Ay, but yet it ſhews Love, Count, it ſhews Love.

Briſs. Ay, that's before Marriage, dear Empreſs——that's before——you know what, and then I grant there may be ſome reaſon to be Jealous to loſe ones Miſtreſs, but of one's Wife——gad 'tis a meer breaking out, a Corruption of Soul and Body——'tis a Diſeaſe worſe than the Pox——Why now have I a Wife in the Country——a very houſe-dove——A pretty poor harmleſs contented thing——that I warrant is this very minute reading the Ladies Calling to her Maids, or a Treatiſe of the Duty of a Wife to her Husband——and faith I Love her well enough too, for a Wife——She wants for nothing——

L. Briſs. How——A young Wife left by her Husband want nothing? reflect a little on what you ſay, old Sir.

Brifs. Why how now Monsieur, no Beard?——Do the farthing Candles of your Eyes want snuffing this Morning, old Sir? ye young Milksop, What do you see old about me?

L. Bris. Why you stoop in the Shoulders, and bend in the Hams——Old Æson.

Brifs. What a lying Jackanapes is this——prithee look on me, dear Empress——by gad I'm as straight as an Arrow.

Tonn. Ay, 'tis true, he is a little malitious——but he's a very pretty fellow faith Count, and I can't forbear ogling him a little.

Brifs. Prithee look on me——Oo'ns do but look on me, ye young Coxcomb——Am not I straight? Do I bend in the Hams, ye envious Puppy?——let all the World judge if I am not as straight as an Arrow——a very Arrow.

L. Brifs. Not if your Wife at home were to give her Judgment Sir——who, for all your Conjugal security, you shall give me leave to believe do's want something.

Brifs. Hah——which want, you think your self proper to supply I warrant.

L. Brifs. No faith, I should do what you ought to do, acknowledging my own single ability defective, call in another able Person to assist, and all wants indeed might be suply'd fairly.

Tonn. Well said again young Sir I swear.

Brifs. Who the Devil is this young Dog? I wonder whither he dares fight or no——gad I shall be provok'd to try if this hold, for to my thinking she begins to be fond of him——this is the plaguy vice of the Sex in general, all Woman-kind hanker after, and how to Debauch these Boys.

L. Brifs. I heard you talk of Boys Sir——dam me, d'ee mean me Sir?

Brifs. You Sir, yes Sir, dam me too——Are not you a Boy Sir?

L. Bris. No Sir, and I'll bring an abler witness then you are to justify the contrary.

Tonn. That he can I assure ye Sir, there I must take his part.

Brifs. How Madam, will you take his part against me?——pox prithee dear Empress let's leave him to his Raket and Balls——you shall do me the honour now to let me treat ye with a little Entertainment of Musick and Dancing, after which I intend to lead ye up a Corrant my self, which is a grave thing, and a graceful dance for a fine Lady——

L. Brifs. And you and I will do a minuett Madam, which is a brisk thing and a more graceful dance for a fine Lady.

Brifs. Prithee——male-varlet, What dost do here?——pox thou should'st post into *Italy*——here's no Boys play here——here's no use of unbearded things——Oo'ns get thee to Rome amongst the Cardinals.

L. Brifs. No faith, they are fitter for your Company, they are old fumbling fellows like your self.

Brifs. This young Dog will never leave prating, gad I'll run my Sword in's Guts.

Guil. Oh fy, old friend! no fighting amongst Ladies——besides 'tis all Gallantry, and you can't in reason be angry.

Jess. Where's

Brifs. Wher's the Musick? a pox on 'em let's begin then and put it out of my head, and in the mean time——de hear, let the banquet be made ready in the next Room.

L. Brifs. Well, and to let him see I understand Gallantry, I'll add to his Musical Entertainment, and Sing my self, if any here can bear part in the late new Dialogue.

Tonn. That can I, Sir, and in honour of the Count I'll shew ye my skill Immediately.

[Song *and* Dance *here, and Exeunt all but* Gulliamour *and* Vandsome.]

Dialogue between *Tonnere* and Lady *Brissac*.

Lady B. *THe World is full of hurry;*
Our Heroe's *hunt for Glory,*
To swell our future STORY
With Deeds of high Renown.

Tonnere. *Religion and Ambition*
Make us in poor Condition,
Till for our sad Division
A General Peace Attone.

(2.)

L. Brifs. *Then Brawling War forsaking,*
In Love new Tryals making;
Instead of Citys Taking
I'll Storm your Heart alone.

Tonnere. *When to Enjoyment hasting,*
Let Youth be slowly wasting,
And Beauty long be Tasting;
I'll wish no Monarch's Crown.

(3.)

Lady Br. *When first the World and Matter*
Were form'd by the Creator,
Tonner. *Three onely Things in Nature*
Were worth a Mortal's Care.
Lady Br. *First Wit in Bounteous Measure,*
Then Women for our Pleasure.
Tonner. *And Moderate store of Treasure:*
To Entertaine the Fair.

Vand. Nothing can make ye have a good thought of me, Sir, for this strange confession of my Love, but your extraordinary Merit and good Nature——but pray believe this is not common with me.

Guill. Such beauty, Madam——must command all thoughts and services——by Heaven, 'tis a sweet Creature——oh dear, dear Inconstancy, Who can defend himself against thy Charms?——hah, *la Buske* here——nay then I'm catch'd in th' nick. *Enter* la Busque.

The Plannets shoot more strongly their Influence on t'other side, and 'tis Impossible to resist the Lady of the Ascendant. [*whispers him and Exit.*

Vand. Hah, gon——ten thousand Furies take that Messenger, for 'tis certain she has fetch'd him away upon some other Intreague, but to go without taking leave, or an Excuse, or so much as an Assignation for some other time, Ds'death, I'm all on flame with vexation at the thought on't——I'll run and overtake him in the Street, for I can't live till night without that Satisfaction. [*Is running out, and* Tonnerre *enters and stops her.*

Tonn. Hold hold, Madam, Whither so fast? I hope you did not doubt my coming as soon as I could get loose from the Company.

Vand. He here, curst luck; but 'tis all one I am resolv'd I will go——pish——I neither wish'd nor doubted your coming Sir——pray let me go, for I've an extraordinary affair has happen'd that exacts it.

Tonn. An affair, What greater then your Promise to me? come, you only jest I'm sure.

Vand. Oh, Sir, you shall find me no Jester, therefore once more let me go, 'tis my humour, and t[illegible] all the reason you are like to have.

Tonn. To follow my Lord *Guillamour* I suppose.

Vand. Suppose what you will——I'll follow my inclinations, though you and all such impertinent Teizers were dam'd in the preventing it.

Tonn. Is't possible? Can you so soon forget your Promise?

Vand. Pox O' promises——that ever any fellow that proudly thinks he carries half an ounce of Brains, should heed A Woman of my Characters promise--Hell and Furies! How am I plagu'd with this Coxcomb? D'sdeath stand out 'th' way.

Tonn. She Swears and Curses like a Baud in a Brandy-Celler--I find now *Fiesque* was in the right, and thou art indeed a very Devil.

Vand. I am so: why thou empty, hot-headed, flashy, Impertinent, ridiculous Animal; Who would ever give her consent to make a lewd assignation with such a Rampant Monster as thy self, but a Devil?——when you deboach us first, you fix damnation, then shoals of dressing pouder'd Sons of Belzibub, mingle with us the daughters of Belphegor, and so the thriving Trade of Hell goes forward.

Tonn. Stand sollid Impudence, case hardn'd, and well grounded in the Trade——and yet sometimes too you can act as an Angel.

Vand. I can act any thing to make a Fool——

Tonn. And lately when you praiz'd my Face Shape, Tongue——you thought me a Monster or an Idiot.

Vand. Right——*I* never heard a fellow say he Lov'd me, but *I* had hopes to beg him for a changeling.

Tonn. Thou art the exactest Jilt——*I* ever met with.

Vand. Thou art the veriest coxcomb I e're bubled——But why the Devil do *I* stand prating with thee——give me way to go whither my resolute humour drives me, or all the Mischif in a Womans Nature, all that Hells Legion can inspire me with, I'll vent upon thee.

Tonn. Thou shalt not stir, I'll keep thee here to plague thee.

Vand. Then take what follows——sure *I* shall find something to further my revenge——the trappings you usurp there of our Sex *I* shall demollish presently. [*pulls off his Comode.*

Tonn. Witch——Fury——Succubus--tho as thou look'st like Woman *I* dare not strike thee——yet as a real Devil Incarnate, *I* may pinch.

[*She gets off, and takes up a large Pruning-knife.*

Vand. Oh, here's something will do better Execution——look upon this thou hot bruin'd fool, and tremble.

Tonn. Thou wilt not Stab me——Harpy.

Vand. Not Stab thee, yes by the Rage that burns me, through Soul and Body, if *I* could——let this Confirm it. } *offers to Stab, he shrinks aside, she throws the Knife at him, and Exit.*

Tonn. Was there ever such a Devil?——'gad she frighted me——for this pretty Instrument had certainly bin sheath'd in my Guts if *I* had opos'd her longer——well *I'll* straight to *Fiesk*, discover our adventures; and beg his pardon——and hereafter agree with him.

That amongst all Mischifs that with Vice ingage;
Nothing so Barbrous as a Scrumpets Rage. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

ACT III. SCENE I. *Vendosme's* Lodgings.

Enter De Fiesque *and* Tonnerre.

Tonn. YOu have been to look for her in her Chamber then ——

De Fies. Yes, and there's no body there but *Grossure*; I ask'd her for her Lady, and with a compos'd modest look, as if she had been at Confession, she answer'd, upon her veracity, she had not seen her since morning.

Tonn. Pox on her veracity; She's as good as her Mistress, I'll warrant her, whenever any Chamber maid affects fine words, I take it for granted, she's a Whore infallibly. Did you look into the Closet?

De Fies. No; the door was lock'd. Besides, it can't enter into my head she could be there and deny her self to me, after our last reconcilement, and the kindness past between us this morning.

Tonn. Nay, if her Treachery can't enter into your head, after the story I told you of our late adventure, take it from me, your Head and the Brains belonging to it, are in an incureable condition. Oh, confound her, she's the most treacherous, the most base, the most ungrateful, the most pernicious, the most ——

De Fies. Charming Creature.

Tonn. Charming, damn her; she charms indeed, but 'tis by Witchcraft only, the Devil has sent her an Inchanting Out-side, t' impose on a young Amorous Fellow's Reason, till he's relieved by wise Consideration; but then the Hag appears in her true colours, and nothing's seen but hellish uglineſs.

De Fies. I've cause to think this true, but yet must love her. Nay, by Heaven, it seems to me unnatural, to believe her treacherous; a thousand times —— with Sighs, and trickling Tears, that down her Rosy Cheeks have sweetly fell —— Has she Sworn Constancy;

Tonn. And a thousand times with fulsome scoffs and laughter, has she behind thy back abus'd thy kindness, and turn'd thy passionate Love to ridicule. Besides, prithee be not so blind to think her true for weeping, for Sighs and Tears are the Whore's Ammunition, the Tools and Implements of their damn'd profession: Thus, like the Prince o'th' Air, they use both Elements, and Blow and Rain, as often as they please.

De Fies. So, you think to all Mankind alike for Profit, she does her private favours.

Tonn. Most certainly, unless she's catch'd as the Jilt sometimes is, and falls in love: then the strongest back still carries her; he that has biggest Bones, and drudges best. A pox on Merit, Wit, and Learning, Truckle the lustiest Bargeman is her best Philosopher.

De Fies. Damn'd hellish Creature.

Tonn. I believe I can luckily give thee an instance of this presently, for just now as I was coming to find thee out, I chanc'd to meet that Nauseous fool Sir *Blunder*: I know not how, but it came into my Head to revenge my self, and wean thee from thy passion, to try him with *Vandosme*; to pursue which, I told him, she had kind thoughts of him; he ignorant of thy Intrigue with her, like a senseless Gudgeon, swallows the Bait greedily, and told me he would go presently and contrive a *Billet-doux* for her, and come and shew it me. —— I told him I should be here, and expect him in two Minutes.

De Fies. Nay, if she cope with that Brute.

Tonn. Why, that Brute has Money, and your true Jilt shall cope with that or any other Brute for Profit, with two Legs or with four; take that for Gospel. Oh, here he comes, as merry as a [*Blunder laughs*] successful Lover, and laughing at the conceit of his rare forow], and the Richness of his fancy in't, I warrant.

Enter Sir Blunder *with a Letter.*

Sir Blun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha —— dear Devil —— ha, ha, ha, ha, ha —— dear Son of a Bitch, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Rogue, ha, ha, ha, Rascal, ha, ha. I have done such a ha, ha, ha, such a ha, ha, ha,—such a thing ——such a piece of Wit, ods Sacrament, nothing in all *France* can mend it, I'm sure —— ha, ha, ha, here prethee read — how now, who's that —— hold, hold a little.

Tonn. Oh, only a friend of mine —— he's one that understands these sort of things very well—and has a great value for you and your Country, Sir *Blunder*.

Sir Blun. Has he, hah, 'tis a good tolerable sort of a scoundrel to look to. Dost thou understand Wit, Dogs-head ——

De Fies. Enough to commend yours, *Sir Blunder* – is it to a Lady?

Sir Blun. Ay, ye Whelpsface, ha, ha, ha, —— 'tis ha, ha, —— tis ha, ha, ha, —— 'tis to a Lady —— if thou'lt have the word lac'd, for my part now I love plain-work, I call 'em all Whores, faith. —— Come, prithee good Scoundrel read it, let's hear, Gad I have tickled her off, I was in a confounded witty humour, when I writ it.

Tonnere reads] *You plaguy confounded, little tempting Devil you.*

Sir Blun. Ha, ha, ha, smart —— ha, ha, ha, smart —— conceit at first dash —— I love to begin merrily with the Jades —— hah — [*to Fiesque.*

Fies. You begin very merrily with her indeed, Sir.

Tonn. reads.] *You can't believe I was such a Loggerhead, but that like a Cunning, Sly-leering, Titillating Quean, as you are, I minded your Ogling yesterday.*

Blun. Ha, ha, ha, — smart agen —— go on dear Mongrel:

Tonn. reads.] *And if yours and my Father, Mother, Brothers, and Sisters, Uncles, and Aunts, and all the Dogs & Bitches in both our Families should have bang'd themselves to hinder it —— I could not forbear sending you my mind in this Letter.*

Blund. Good agen, ha, ha, was not I a witty Dog there —— humph!

De Fies. Oh a prodigious witty Dog.

Tonn. reads.] *I know you are a well gascoin'd good handsom Jade, and you shall know that I am an honest, blunt, thundering strong-back'd Rascal, who in the humour I'm in, resolve to beat up thy quarters.*

Blund. Strong and sinewy still —— on, on, to the conclusion, dear Rogue.

Tonn. reads.] *And since I have 500 l. to throw away upon a young Doxy, as well as other Fools, let your back door be open, do ye hear, about nine, and if I han't a smack at your Chops before ten, say I am the Son of a* Mastiff, who now Subscribe my self —— The obsequious puppy, and languishing Lapdog, *Blunder-Bosse.*

Sir Blun. Right, Rogue, in great Letters at bottom, ha, ha, ha, Gad it makes me laugh to think how fast the Wit flow'd from me; why the Devil dost not laugh, how canst forbear? why ye grave Hermaphrodite thou dost not laugh at me.

Tonn. Ha, ha, ha, ha, —— Gad, but I do, Sir, and more then that, I'll secure ye all that know ye shall laugh at ye.

Sir. Blund. Gad, I'le send it to *London* by the next Post; and have it Printed in the next Collection of Letters, that come out by the topping Wits there. I know a Bookseller that will give any rate for't, to set off the rest.

De Fies. Why, faith, your stile will be very particular, Sir *Blunder.*

Sir Blun. Pox on't I, if there were a thousand, tho I'm told there is but one comes to her — A Count they say, but a pitiful sneaking Puppy.

De Fies. What says the Dog?

Tonn. Nay, *Fiesque*, is this your temper? (*aside to him.*)

Sir Blun. Well, wish me good luck scoundrel I'll go and dispatch this away immediately, and afterwards, if e're I meet any Count there, I'll kick the Son of a Whore to Atoms *Exit* Sir Blund.

De Fies. Oh, Slave, 'dsheart must I bear this and not cut his Throat.

Tonn. Ye must; he is not worth your anger; besides, remember, friend, this fool is to be the touchstone to try the nature of that Jilt *Vandosme*, and so procure thy happiness and freedom: Come, let's go and take a turn or two in the Garden, and then come again, perhaps she may have dispatcht her new Intrigue by that time and return.

De Fies. Hard fate, my Curse is want of Liberty,
And yet 'twill be a greater to be free. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sanserre *and* Grossiere.

Sans. Not within sayst thou, Sweet heart?

Gross. No indeed, my Lord —— Oh dear, upon my veracity she'll be

extreamly concerned to be from home, when your Grace does her this honour of a Visit, but she's so seized about recovering an Estate from some kindred of hers, and the troublesome Lawyers do so plague her every, day that I speak sincerely, my Lord, she's hardly ever at quiet for 'em.

Sans. She's so incomparable a Beauty, that I should rather have thought her Lovers, than her Lawyers had plagu'd her.

Gross. Lovers — alas — upon my veracity, my Lord, her head's upon something else, but she seldom stays long out, and if your Grace pleases to take a turn or two in the Garden, I'll run and inform you the very minute she comes.

Sans. Ay, with all my heart.

Gross. Your Grace's most humble Servant, I'll go watch her coming.

Exit Gross.

Sans. This is a subtle Quean, for all her simpering, and train'd to lye; she's one o'th' Devils Scrutores, cramm'd full of secret sins, and never open'd but by the potent Master-Key call'd Gold: However, I am arm'd, and if I can by cunning, or some expence, discover from her Mistress, who I perceive is great with *Guillamour*, what I suspect between him and my Wife, I have my ends; the Viper shall then leave gnawing me to prey on them: If she comes, to nights the time; if not, a Letter fill'd with Golden promises, and the present of some Jewel, shall charm her in the morning.

Beauty, mans chiefest blessing, all must own,
Which we dull Husbands hope is ours alone:
But oh what torments does that wretch endure,
That doubts his power that blessing to secure? *Exit.*

Re-enter Grossiere *with* Vandosme, *peeping.*

Van. Are you sure the Coast is clear?

Gross. Yes, yes, very sure; they are all gone into the Garden, and if the truth were known, with heavy hearts.

Vand. Ay, 'tis all one; I had rather their hearts were out, than I had lost this dear minute.

Gross. Well, Madam, I see I shall never leave your service till I'm quite damn'd about it: This is the three and twentieth lye I have told to day for ye; Lord have mercy upon me, what will become of my Soul!

Vand. O prethee go and employ thy Soul in adding to the Musical performance within, that's all the use thou hast for't that I know of; for my part, I have not thought of my own this seven year. Come, my dear Lord.

Exit Grossiere.

Enter Guillamour. *They sit down.*

Love's Rapture. A Song.

I.

Ye pretty Birds, that Chirp and Sing,
Ye Trees and Plants, that Bud and Grow;
Ye fragrant Flowers, that bless the Spring,
Tell me whence comes it you do so.

Hark, hark, they answer, 'tis Celestial Fire
The Gods call Love, that does us all inspire.

II.

That sacred Flame that sweetly Charms
My Soul when lovely Cinthia sings,
That all Creations Labour warms,
And Matter to Perfection brings:
The busie useless Sun may cease to shine,
'Tis Love that sheds the Influence Divine.

Second Movement.

Then Lovers love on, and get Heaven betimes,
He that Loves well, attones for the worst of his Crimes.
Jove's Gate is lock'd fast on the Sordid and Base;
But the generous Lover is sure of a Place:
And the Nymph her Elizium need question no more,
When her Saint has a Key to open the door.

Guil. Dear, sweetest Creature, I am charm'd to follow thee. Oh, I shall tire thee, my Dear. Besides, *Fiesque* may come.

Vand.—And go, when he does come, he has prov'd that already. Oh my dear Lord, there is vast difference between the man loves me, and him I love. *Fiesque* is witty, honest, brave, and generous. I know he loves me too, even to dispairing; but what's all this when inclination shuns him, I have no relish of his entertainment, he always treats me with a pall'd repast, which tho it feeds me, yet still it leaves me hungry.

Guil. And shall not I be pall'd too and insipid, when your nice fancy's pleased to change the Diet?

Vand. Oh no, you are a Regalia where there's all variety, your Tongue, your Face, your Shape, your Charming Air, your Motion, Mein, your every look's a Banquet: Y'are like that sweet Tree in the Sunny Continent, where all the best Spices grow together; and if you can but bloom with Flowers of Constancy.

Guill. Oh enough of em to make a tollerable Nosegay, never fear, Child. Dear Dutchess I beg thy pardon, for I m a very lying Rogue. (*aside.*

Vand. Could you but love me only, for your sake I d sacrifice the rest of human kind, but you are an Englishman; and of a Nation, famous for levity, full of wavering fancies; you are ne re contented with the present good, tho Ruin follows still the vice of changing.

Guill. Gad she has nick'd us to a hair, right as she had the Spirit of Prophesy. The very Women now have found us out.——This is our blessed Character all the World over.

Enter Grosfiere *hastily, and whispers* Vandosme.

Vand. Curse on him — the impertinent is come back — Come, my Lord, let's go in agen to my Chamber, I'm resolved I won't see him.

Guill. Oh no, not now, for his curiosity must needs disturb us; besides, you must see him a little sometimes, twill give me less occasion to suspect

suspect us. I'll slip down the back stairs. *Exit* Guillamour *leaving a Letter-case on the Chair.*

Vand. Hell take him, would he were blind. Oh how nauseous an old teizing Lover is, when our eager thoughts are bent upon a new one, I will not see him.—*Grossiere*, do you come back and invent another lye?

Gross. Nay, Faith, you must do it your self now, for I have ne're a one ready. *Exeunt* Vand. *and* Gross.

Re-enter Fiesque.

Fies. How different are the various accidents that still attend on Love, what vast distinctions between the happy and unfortunate: Now is *Tonnerre* gone flush'd with expectation, to meet his charming Countess; lucky fellow! The Planets all conspire to bless his Minutes, whilst I, born in an unpropitious hour, wait for those favours, which the Fair ingrate, perhaps, just now is giving to another.——How now, what's here a Letter-case——'tis so; by your leave, secret Carrier, you may make some discovery — hah, by Heaven, a Picture too, and of the charming Dutchess *de Sannserre*, join'd with a Letter of her Hand-writing, and Subscrib'd to the Lord *Guillamont* — Hell and Furies, 'tis plain now he has been lately here with false *Vandesme*, and negligently dropt these in his extasie, and to confirm it more, see here, her Glove, wrought with Gold Flowers, the very Glove I gave her; here has been clasping, twinings, close embraces, the hand that wore this circling round his Neck— Oh vile, vile Woman, base, ungrateful Traitress; oh here comes her Emissary, down passion for a moment, now where's your Lady?——

Enter Grossiere.

Gross. Not return'd yet, Sir, and affirmatively I fear, since her coming is so delay'd, that the Gentlewoman she went to see, has prevail'd with her to stay and dine.

Fies. Very good, there's one lye gone already, and no doubt three or four more ready at her Tongues end; she keeps 'em lump'd up for her use in the corner of her Jaw, as a Monkey does the remainder of his dinner. Come, pray draw near a little, and answer, if you please, affirmatively, do you know this?

Gross. Hah, my Lady's Glove! Oh unlucky negligence. [*aside.*] O me, what, has your Lordship found one of my Gloves? pray give it me, my Lord, I left it here about half an hour ago, there's the fellow on't within.

Fies. Good agen, there's another lye gone out of the lump; the stock will waste plaguily at this rate——Your Glove, Sock-mender, did I get this work done to Embroider your dirty Golls, hah? Besides, a pox on ye, your Gloves are both of 'em on.

Gross. Oh dear! so they are affirmatively.

Fies. Are they so? good Pomatum-pot, by which then I think your veracity is made our very plain, besides a Letter carelessly left here, subscribed to the Lord *Guillamour*; and a Picture too of the Lady that sent it, sufficiently tells me what Gentlewoman has been visited. Go, hunt her out, and tell her from me, that I'm glad her price is so fain, that

she's

she's subservient to one, that I find only uses her as a foyl to another. I have some other advices for her, tell her, which she shall have, at present I have chang'd my mind of seeing her: Away, and pray deliver this with your best veracity.

Gross. Oh dear, but really your Lordship is under a great mistake, about my Lord *Guillamour*'s being here on her account, tho your Lordship has found a Picture, and some things relating to him, yet I can assure your Lordship, upon my veracity, that my Lord *Guillamour*; I mean that my Lady, I-I-I say, that my Lord has been do-do-do doing, humph, that my Lady has been do-do-do doing, pish, that my Lord, humph, that my Lady. —

Fies. Humph, that my Lord and my Lady have been do-do-do doing a great deal of business, I don't doubt. Go, go, therefore without stuttering more about the matter and do yours.

Gross. O dear, I can't get out one bit of a lye more, affirmatively. *Ex.*

Fies. This last lye was ty'd to the lump a little fuster than the rest, and could not get passage. Stay, who comes here; hah, the Duke *de Sanserres*; can his haughtiness condescend to an intrigue with her too? Damn her, she deals with all sorts, qualities, and constitutions; now I have Gall enough to make his Veins Crackle with fiery rage, by shewing him his Ladies Picture and Letter here: But that I have a thought of putting the last to a better use, and since *Guillamour* and his Grace have privately their designs upon my Mistress, I'll try what my Brain can work out of this to effect upon his Wife.

Enter Sanserre.

Sans. She's not come yet I find. I must therefore have patience till to morrow. How now, who's this? My Lord *Fiesque*! Why this is half a Miracle, for you and I to meet in a young Ladies Lodgings: For my part, I am a grave Married Man which keeps my visit from suspicion, but if my Amorous Lord *Guillamour*, who doats on her so, should find you, I fear there would be Heart-burnings.

Fies. So, he knows of their Intrigue too, they are come to doing upon one another, it seems, already. My Lord, this may indeed pass upon me for a common visit of yours, but if the Dutchess knew of it, I question whether she would not have other sentiments; I believe she could hardly defend her self from jealousy, my good Lord.

Sans. Hah, that was meant as a hit to me. (*aside*) Well, Count, your double entendre is not quite lost upon me; the shaft came a little oblique 'tis true, but we know your design was to aim right; and tho you care not to marry, and venture on your own Wife to be the Target, yet in another man's White, no doubt but you'd prove a very good Marksman.

Fies. When ever I marry, my Lord, it shall be to such a one, that shall be uncapable to shoot others, and consequently, I need not fear her being shot at her self.

Sans. Oh this is cunningly crying down the Market, like one that's buying a rich Bargain of Land, and is afraid of being over-bid, and having it bought out of his hand by another —— Come, come, Count, I know you love Beauty.

Fies. Ay, too well, to marry a Beauty that every body will love as well as my self, my Lord. Besides, I should hate to be jealous and stint the poor things of a little liberty; I should never think that giving 'em an inch they would take an ell: not I, I should always love to have em satisfy'd.

Sans. Faith, Count, if so little as you say will satisfy 'em, they must be very poor things indeed.

Fies. Ah, if that be the best reason for a Husband's jealousy, I should hold my old opinion. You see here my Lord, this picture in my hand.

Enter Guillamour *and observes 'em.*

Sans. Well, my Lord, and what of that.

Guill. Hah, the Duke *de Sanserre* and *Fiesque* here. By heaven, and my Picture that I lost, and have fretted so about, open in his hand.

Fies. 'Tis of a Lady and infinitely beautiful.

Sans. Do I know her, prithee let me see it. [Guill. *rushes between.*

Guill. 'Dsheart and death, not for a hundred thousand Worlds, my Lord. I must beg your pardon to concern my self in this matter, 'tis the Picture of a Relation of mine which I lost out of my Pocket: She's a Nun in *Brussels*, and excluding her self from the World, oblig'd me upon Oath, to keep her Picture from all Eyes. The priviledge this accident has given you already, my Lord, is past my power of hindering, but, *Fiesque*, as you are a man of Honour.

Fies. And is not your Honour a little tainted, my Lord, in being false to her that gave this Picture, and does not the discovery of your flight here, at my Quarry, oblige me to a Revenge. *aside*

Guill. —— Upon me what you please, but considering the Lady's quality and merit —— to all men of honour her reputation ought to be sacred.

Sans. But there may be a very great reason for my seeing it, perhaps, my Lord, I have lost a Picture too.

Guill. You can't lose my Picture, my Lord, therefore I must beg your excuse; besides, my Relation here has a very long Nose, which is not customary, my Lord, in your French family.

Sans. My French Family have as good Noses and Faces belonging to 'em, as ere an English Family in Christendom — and now I think more on't, I believe I am concerned in the Picture ——

Guill. Not in this, I once more am positive.

Fies. Nay, that 'tis his Picture, I must joyn with him there, but as to the Lady she may be related to both, for ought I know. However, to deal like a Man of Honour, the property being his, I must restore it to him. [*gives it to him.*] And now my Lord, pray a word in private.

Sans.

Sans. The property may be only his indeed, and it is not impossible that it may be mine too; but then methinks 'tis unnatural to believe that this Wild *English* Colt can have his Leaps with both of 'em, tho I once had an account of a hot fellow of that Nation, that debauch'd a whole Family together, the Mother, two Aunts, three Daughters, and four Nieces, all at a time; but damn him this is not authentick enough to prove his double intrigue here: My Letter to morrow therefore to *Vandosm* must dissolve my doubt, I'll go and write it instantly. *Exit. Sans.*

Fief. The Duke is gone dissatisfy'd; and now, my Lord, I think you have reason to say I am a man of honour.

Guill. That I shall always say, I hope too I have satisfy'd you as to my proceedings with your Mistress *Vandosm*; I fear you and I are but two of her Lovers, my Lord; what discovery happens more, upon my honour, you shall know, and so your humble Servant. *Exit* Guillamour.

Fief. As far as Generosity, by your own example obliges me, I am yours too, but you shall give me leave to be even with you if I can: Mistress for Mistress 'tis fit I should be rewarded, either by merit or stratagem; here is the Letter still, which I find he has forgot; this, with my cunning management, may give me a sweet revenge, and serve him in his kind too: Let me see—Hah, in a Poetical strain, by Heaven; I have heard indeed she had a pretty talent that way.

(Reads) *If in the Marriage-state be Harmony,*
'Tis then like Musick when the parts agree;
And Wives, like Lutes, when fumbled on, will soon,
Jarring in Artless hands, grow out of Tune:
You, dear Musician, have the only way
To touch my heart-strings right, and sweetly play.

Oh charming Creature and above mortally happy *Guillamour*, was there ever any thing so tender; but now for the Postscript. [Reads.] *I shall be in the Arbor at the end of the Garden, every night about ten, which is the only time I have to undress, and my Husband spares me to play at Chess with his old Steward; the Maid will be at the back door, to be your Guide in the dark, if your heart inclines you to waste one short hour in my Conversation: Come therefore and be sure to make no noise* —— So, these are as plain instructions as heart can wish, and I am resolved to supplant this happy Lover, come what will on't, if I can but get in first, 'twill be easie to lock him out, and I'll be as punctual as the moment.

A cheat in Love does no dishonour bear,
For so you win, do't any way, 'tis fair. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tonnerre, *and Lady* Brissac, *as from Cards.*

L. Briss. Hang the Cards, I never have any luck when I play with you.

Tonn. Quite contrary, for you never have better luck than when you play with me.

L Briss. I won't play out the Game, I'm resolv'd you shan't conquer me now.

Tonn. What now? You're got into your Petticoats agen, you think to bully me, Gad if you had been in Breeches, I d have had satisfaction: Besides, I wonder you should talk of Conquering, I'm sure at the end of the play, you have always the better of me.

L Briss. Pish, you are always wresting ones words to your own silly meaning, if I should talk of a Charnel-house, on my Conscience, your lewd fancy would turn it to a House of good entertainment.

Tonn. No, Child, not unless we had some Flesh there too, to make up our entertainment; to have a Regalia of all Bones only, is fitter for a Hound, than a Whore-master.

L Briss. Come, come, let's go into my Sister's Closet, and unbridle her Pegasus, she's making Verses there.

Tonn. With all my heart: Oh, I love a Billet in Rhime from a sweet Lady, with all my Soul. *Exeunt.*

Enter Daubray.

Daub. So, now I think my intelligence to my Lord, will be worth discovery; for the first that went into my Lady's Closet, was a man I am sure, I have observ'd him up and down here for two or three days together, and just now I found his Coat and Breeches in an Alcove above Stairs, and who, now to keep his Intrigue the more secret, is gone to her in a female dress. This is a discovery worth Gold, Faith, and I'll give my Lord an account of it immediately. *Exit.*

Re-enter Lady Sanserre, *Lady* Brissac, *and* Tonnerre, *reading a Paper.*

Tonn. *Tho reason his strong power imparts,*
If passions keep their Torrent still;
If, spight of all our Pleasing Arts,
Love gains a Conquest o'er our hearts;
Where is the use of our Free Wills.

What, Poetical Sophistry too, gad, Madam, you ought to be Arraign'd before *Apollo*, by all his Sons, for usurping their Masculine prerogative. Methinks your Province should be Loves soft Government, or Wits Fairy Land, and not grave sophistical Arguments. Why does not your Ladyship write a Play?

L Sans. Because, like a new unpractic'd Pilot, tho I can make shift to steer my Vessel in a calm, yet in a storm, and where so many Rocks are too, I never durst have the rash assurance yet, to venture splitting.

L Briss. Pho? 'Tis not a small Rock, Sister, that can hurt a Woman, when her fancy is so vigorous as yours is. Besides, you have Examples enough: you see here are Poetical *Sapho's* venturing among the critical Rocks every day; and I dare swear for 'em, with as little fear of splitting, as if, like little Pinnaces, they were entering a Dock where a Vessel was Riding of two hundred Tun.

Tonn. ha, ha —— Faith, I e'en long, Madam, to see some of

your

your productions in that kind, I'm sure they must be good, and full of fancy. Come, I'll help ye to a Theme, and give ye a Name—Let me see, you shall call it the— humph——

L Sans. Pish——you are as long in inventing a Name, as a good Poet would be writing an Act. If I were to undertake such a thing, I'd call it without more ado——*The Intrigues at* Versailles.

L Briss. Good——that would raise expectation, Sister, because there's a double entendre in't: *The Intrigues at* Versailles——or, we must have an or——ye know.

Tonn. Or, the Court Cuckolds——you must have something of Cuckold-making in't, or else the Comedy won't be worth a farthing——

L Briss. Phoo, and that jest is as stale too, as Matrimony is after the first twelve-month.——No, we'll have, or—let me see, or——ha, ha, ha, or the Count in Petticoats.

L Sans. No, no, Sister, methinks the Countess in Breeches would do as well——ha, ha, ha,——and make a Character of a wild giddy headed young thing, that run out of the Country where her old Husband left her.

Tonn. Ha, ha, ha, ay, and for the love that she bore to the aforesaid Breeches.

L Briss. No, prithee the Count's love to the aforesaid Petticoats, will come better in first: And then to embellish it with the Character of a fine Poetical Lady, that has a horrible jealous Husband, and that uses him so properly, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Tonn. That also keeps Company with an old Beau, who fancying his Wife is conserving in the Country, gives her opportunity to come to Court here, and use him so properly——ha, death, damnation, here he comes.

Enter Brissac.

L Briss. Tis he by Heaven——curst accident——I have ne're a Mask neither——Oh, if he sees me I'm undone. [*Runs behind* Tonnerre.]

Briss. Why how now? What a Lady hide her self from me, that must never be said, (*goes to see her.* Tonn. *hinders*) Pox, prithee, dear Empress, tell her I love Ladies; and if she be a friend to her that charms me, I'll wear her in my heart, tell her, as I do thee, my pretious——*Goes to embrace her: She clasps about his Neck, and kissing, covers his Face, whilst L.* Brissac *goes out.*

Tonn. Oh my dear Count——

Briss. Oons, I'm in Heaven——oh, my lovely, dear, enchanting Creature! Why this is beyond imagination——I never was so happy before.

L Sans. That embrace was wittily contriv'd o'th' sudden, he had certainly discover'd her else. Come, come off now, Count, you'll smother the Lady.

Tonn. Ay, come, let's have a little Air——So, now I'm a little cooler.

Briss. And so am I now too, well, I am the happiest fellow——phoo—phoo——[*Fans himself.*] Gad, these Love toyes have a greater fatigue in 'em than I imagin'd.

Tonr. I must after her, and know where she hides, or else this old fool has disappointed me still. *Exit* Tonr.

Briss. What is she gone? gad I must Rally agen, I must not leave her so. Come, Madam, how shall we divert this Afternoon, are you for the Opera or Gardens. Hah, come, for my part I'm for any thing.

L Sans. And at these years, troth, that's little less than a wonder. Well, Count, we'll resolve of that within; in the mean time let me give ye a little good advice.

When Age and Youth Love's ticklish Game begin:
Youth having still the odds, is sure to win.
Then since our Sex such subtle Gamesters are,
Be sure you set no more than you can spare.
Save your remainder for a future end,
And manage wisely, your last Stake, old friend [*Strikes him on the back and Exeunt.*]

Briss. 'Gad thou't in the right — so I intend.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vandosme *and* Grossiere.

Gross. AND have you really ventur'd, Madam, to send for the Count, after your resolution of not seeing him, and the last whimsical trick you put upon him?

Vand. Yes that I have, and expect him here every minute — Resolution ye fool, why what signifies a womans resolution, when any turn of Interest appoints the contray? hast thou glean'd all this while from the harvest of my fertile brain, and have I taught thee so long in my own Instructive Catechism, to boggle at a silly word that signifies nothing? Resolution — why ye Moon-calf, I have resolv'd, and unresolv'd, and resolvd agen, forty times in an hour, if the occasion has been proper.

Gross. And will the Onion that's wrapt up in the Handkerchief, and the repentant story, and the Tears that shall issue thereupon pass upon him, think you, you know he's no fool.

Vand. Yes mine always — and so are all Mankind when I think fit — thou shalt see me mould his heart in the palm of my Hand like soft Wax, till I make it bear what impression I please. Always remember this from me, a man is no longer wise than when a Woman is indifferent to him; if ever he falls in Love once, farewel Brains, his Wit deserts him presently — he's just like a Witch, detected when ever she's in hold once, her favorite Devil leaves her; But come now to our business. You say the Fool, *Sir Blunder*, that sent me this comical Love Declaration, is come already.

Gross. Yes, and I have lock'd him up in the Inner-chamber according to your order.

Vand.

Vand. There let him stay then a little, and tell the Louisd'Ors over, that he has brought me for Entrance-money, for as sordid a Clown as he is, he knows nothing but the Gold Key can unlock the Cabinet of my Conversation. —— So there let him cool a little, whilst in complaisance to the Duke de *Sancerre*'s Letter, as also to deserve his noble Present here, [*shews a Necklace*] but particularly to revenge my self on *Guillamour*, whom I now know to be false, I'll discover the Intrigue between him & the Dutchess, you saw the Letter in the Count's hand you say, that was found with the Picture.

Gross. Yes, and am sure it must come from the Dutchess by his following words: Tell her, says he with a scornful Air, I am glad her price is so fall'n, and that she's subservient to one that only uses her as foyl to another.

Vand. A foyl to another. Death —— how that word inflames me. Besides, I find now too the reason of the Traitor's coldness, when I desir'd him to go in a second time; he had a greater summ to pay, it seems, and and so sneakingly only popp'd me off with his odd Money; but I'll revenge my self on both, and by prevailing insinuation, and my never failing Tears, wheadle that Letter out of fond *Fiesque*; then shew it to the Duke to undo 'em; you have told the other fool within, that I'm at present only a little busie with a Relation that came to visit me.

Gross. I have told what you bid me, but affirmatively, Madam, it shocks me strangely to think that you should abuse the generous good natur'd Count; for such a horrid Monster as this *Blunder*, I swear I am extreamly dissatisfied.

Vand. You are dissatisfied?

Gross. Well, Madam as inconsiderable as you think me now, my Wit at a pinch sometimes, has done you considerable service. And I must be so bold to say once more, affirmatively, I admire you should Jilt the Count for this Monster; for, if you would but give your self time to think a little, you'd find there's ne're a man in *France*, fuller of Love, fuller of Generosity, fuller of Wit, good Humour, and all gentle Qualities upon my veracity, than the injur'd Count is —— but for the t'other.

Vand. But for the t'other —— upon my veracity, he has one solid Virtue in a full Purse of Louisd'Ors which he has brought yonder, that excels all the Count's good Qualities together. He has come empty handed of late, and whenever he does so, I fancy his Qualifications weaken extremely.

Gross. Oh horrid forgetfulness, 'tis but a very few hours since, to my knowledge, he presented ye with a very good Diamond Ring, and before that, hardly ever saw ye, without some acknowledgement or other. Besides, a true Love always relish'd with a strong Inclination; what qualification has the t'other, I wonder?

Vand. Money, ye fool, Money.

Gross. The Count has a pretty Address, an excellent vein in Musick and Poetry, and then the charms of such a Tongue, what can compare with it?

Vand.

Vand. Money, Money, ye Ass, Money —— *(eagerly.)*

Gross. Besides, a Love so endearing and he himself so indefatigable, in proving it that even I my self that have been season'd in your principles, and bred as very a Jilt as your self —— I beg your pardon, Madam, I cannot help owning his Perfection —— can you deny this —— has he any equal?

Vand. Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money. *(sings.)*

Gross. Damnation on Money, have I not seen you sometimes in your freak, throw it like dirt about the room; nay, what has vext me to the Soul, and seems almost incredible —— to a fellow you have fancy'd I have seen you refund; a thing unnatural to the two great damning functions of the World, Whores and Lawyers.

Vand. Pish, thy Soul is so sordidly mercenary, it can set no value upon pleasure, which as well as I love Money, I always fix the highest rate upon. Besides, Bullion may be scarce, and then to Traffick with Goods for other Goods will be practicable. And don't you believe, Idiot, but that if ever I refund my Money, I have a prospect of other returns. —— Hark, that's the Count's knock, — away, and remember your cue, leave me to manage him. [*knocks within, Exit* Vandosme.

Gross. Examples in all things like this are found,

Some chowse, others are chows'd, and so the World goes round

Exit Grossiere.

Re enter Vendosme *with* Fiesque.

Fies. You cannot blame me, Madam, if after some late passages I am surpriz'd, to find my self summon'd hither by so obliging a Letter. 'Tis so extravagant a turn, that I fear I dream, or am in Fairy-land, where joys are only visionary. Pray resolve me, are you thus kind indeed, is it substantial happiness?

Vand. Pray sit down — *(softly)* [*They sit, she looks kindly on him.*]

Fies. How irresistable are Beauty's charms, when such a gentle softness makes addition —— hah —— Tears too *(she weeps.)* Oh, you know I am not proof against 'em — whoever those dear pearly Treasures fall for, I am most prone to grieve.

Vand. They only fall for you.

Fies. Nay, do not kill me quite —— A phrase like that, if true, wou'd murder me with Rapture —— for Charity's sake, abuse me not so grossly, nor use my oft-try'd fondness to my ruine.

Vand. I do confess you ought not to believe, if my past faults sway your consideration. But, Sir, the vilest Creature may repent: Though I have sinn'd, I am not reprobate; by all the sacred powers they are for you; and could Repentance this way merit pardon, thus they should drop eternally.

Fies. For me, for poor neglected me? What can I think of this!

Vand. Think me no real Devil, and every other wickedness I do confess, I've been in my ingratitude, for I have us'd the best of men most vilely, but oh my Conscience now lies in my face —— now now — I smart for't —— [*sighs and weeps.*]

Fies.

Fief. Is it possible!

Vand. It is, dear Sir, it is — believe these Sighs, these true repentant Words and real Tears ——— [*crying out.*]

Fief. The brightest Jems that Beauty can put on, to make her self more Lovely — oh, who can resist 'em, [*looks amorously on her.*]

Vand. I wrong'd your Love, by an intrigue with *Guillamour*; your true, your generous, your perfect Love, that valued me in spight of Injuries. Lown it, Sir, and thus low beg your pardon: [*Kneels, and tears her Gloves and Ribbands.*] Oh, I could stab or tear my self in pieces, when I reflect upon my baseness to ye.

Fief. Nay, nay, sweet — no violence, I do forgive thee all.

Vand. Can you be so good.

Fief. So good! why hadst thou murder'd all my Family, ruin'd my Fortune, consum'd my Health, done Injuries above all human malice; yet, pleading in this posture, with those Tears, that lovely look, so us'd to charm my Heart, I should forgive thee: Oh thou sweet influencer — [*Embraces her eagerly.*

Vand. Charming, kind *Fiesque* — if I prove false agen ——

Fief. Oh, I cannot doubt thee; this must be now the last of all our differences, forget but *Guillamour*, and then, my Love ———

Vand. Forget him, yes, and for substantial reasons, my dear friend, for as you gave me a hint lately, I find he made me only a Minutes property, whilst his more lasting intrigue was with another, Witness the Picture and Letter which you found of his — I know he will visit me agen, to renew with me upon better leisure: And if I had but either of them to fling in his face now, I should fit him rarely: What have you done with 'em, my dearest?

Fief. Why, Faith upon a high point of generosity, I gave him the Picture agen, but for the Letter ——

Vand. Oh, if you have but that 'twill be enough — look in your Pocket, dear Sir, and give it me to show him, and he shall know nothing but that I found it. I know the sight of it, I must give occasion for such a quarrel, as will be past all reconcilement, which is my design, for then I am yours entirely — [*embracing him.*

Fief. She has me agen — nor can I, for my Soul, help believing every word she says. Well, tho we are reconciled, and do I give her this Letter, to compleat my Revenge upon *Guillamour*, she shall excuse my present design upon the Dutchess, or else I am not even with her: Her having it hinders me nothing, I know the contents well enough. There 'tis, Child, and let it, as you say, be thought as if you found it.

Vand. It shall, and doubt not but you shall be pleas'd with the effects of it.

Enter Grossiere, *and whispers.*

Gross. She has her ends, and now 'tis my time to enter.

Vand. Oh hang him, she tell me, my dear, that nauseous fool: *Sir Blunder Bosse* is come to visit me, I'm sure you can't be jealous of that Mon-

Monster; but I would not have him see you with me, because you know 'tis such a prating fool —

Fies. Ay, he is so, therefore dear Child, for the present adieu. [*kisses her, and Exit.*] I m glad it hapned thus, for this being the hour, I should else have been puzled for an excuse to get away to the Dutchess; Humph! A double intrigue upon my hands, and with two such Angels, the Devil s in't if I am not a happy Man now.

Vand. So, here's the Letter, and in it the utter ruine of *Guillamour's* intrigue with his fine Poetical Lady; I'll teach her to call me her fool — ha, ha, ha, and then I can't forbear Laughing, to think how artificially I have play d this last Tear-shedding Scene — Here prethee take away the nasty Onion and Handkerchief, and give me another dipt in some Orange-flower Water to wipe my fingers. [*She gives her water.*

Gross. Nay, you are a rare Actress, I'll say that for you — What, and you are resolv'd then that Beast *Blunder* shall come.

Vand. Come, fool, yes, and this minute too; I'll supple my Face with a little Pomatum and Powder, to get it in order, and then let him enter.

Gross. Pox on him, I can hardly endure the thoughts of him. Well, be sure you seize his Money on the first Attack, or else, the Devil take me, if I shall not rail outright. *Exit* Vand.

Exit Grossiere, *and presently Re-enters with* Sir Blunder.

Sir Bl. Harkee, you Flea-bitten, thou seemst to be a very good necessary Quean, prethee get a Faggot or two into the next room against we come in — I have stay'd so long there without Fire, that, gadzooks, I'm damnably cold.

Gross. And where's the Money? without Money you may get 'em your self, if you please; for my part I don't owe ye so much service.

Sir B. Why, how now, ye piece of old Hat, what are ye musty? the Jade's as musty as a stale pot of Marmalade of her own making.

Enter Vandosme.

What sayst thou my pretty Baggage of ten thousand, shan't we have a Fire and a Bottle? ha.

Vand. Ay, by all means, Sir *Grossiere*, hold your Tongue, go and get a Fire.

Sir B. Ay, do do, old Tag-snapper, and then look to the Door, do ye hear, that no body come and disturb us why, what ye lowring Jade, you know your function sure. *Ex.* Gross. *frowning*.

Vand. She s gone, Sir; and in the mean time pray come and sit down. [*They sit down at a Table.*

Sir B. Where's Money a sawcy Sow; Gad my Credit's very bad sure, if 'twon't go for the price of a Faggot — And I think here's a Witness strong enough to shew, that the Family of the *Bosseers* hate to be stingy. There s a hundred Louisd' Ors for ye, ye little twinckling Devil; and now give me a buss.

Vand. Your humble Servant, Sir, — a hundred Louisd'Ors, why, then

then the Devil take me, if the man be half so disagreeable, as I thought him. *(aside.)*

Sir B. Gad the Gipsie has a pure tickling touch with her; her Lips are as soft as Butter, they almost melt in my Mouth. Gadzooks I like her better than my former Punck the Potato-woman, a thousand times.

Vand. I warrant he'd cuff lustily, before A Woman should be taken from him——I like such a well-set Fellow, do ye hear; bring a Flask of Champaign hither.

Sir B. Why, well said? Gad I must have t'other Buss, I must Faith. Hearkee, dost hear, I can't Complement and play the Fool, as the Coxcomby, Flashy, Town Sons-of-Whores do, but I love thee soundly; and, gadzooks, will give thee as hearty proof on't, as e're a fellow in Christendom.

Vand. Indeed, Sir, I'm extremely inclin'd to believe ye, your Air and Shape, shews ye to be a very good friend to a Woman.——

Sir B. Nay, thou seest I'm lusty enough, if that will do't: My back is three quarters broad, measur'd by a Dutch Burgo-master's Yard, and the Calf of my Leg, eighteen Inches Diameter.

Vand. Well, I know not what ails me, but, methinks the blunt humour of this fellow wins me strangely; methinks there's something so very new in him. *(aside.)*

Sir B. Pox on your cringing flashy Coxcombs——Come Chuck, sit down, and to make us merry, I have two English Chairmen without, shall sing a humour made upon on of those Puppies——Hey, Chairmen, come in their, bring the Chair, and Act it as you us'd to do.

Re-enter Grossiere, *and Butler, with a Flask. Enter 2 Chairmen with a Chair.*

A new Dialogue, sung between two Chairmen, suppos'd to be waiting all Night at a Tavern-door, for a Town-Rake.

1 Ch. *HEy hoe, hey hoe, hey hoe——* [yawning]
The Clock has just struck four,
The Chimes to tell the hour;
And morning Cocks that Crow, hey hoe, hoe.

2 Ch. *My Lord, * my Lord, my Lord—* [* yawns betwixt each word.]
My mad Lord Rantipoll
Sure now his Gutts are full,
Will think 'tis time to go——hey hoe, hey hoe,

1 Ch. *No, 'tis too soon, he's not yet Cram'd to th' Top,*
Faith, Tom, *let's home,*
Pox on him he ne're budges, till the Sun be up.

2 Ch. *Odsbud, as poor as I am grown,*
I'd rather lose his nasty Crown

1 Ch. *And so had I*
Confound me if I lye,
Than wait on such a Fop.
2 Ch. *What pranks has he been playing all this day,*
1 Ch. *Before, and since, we brought him to the Play.*
2 Ch. *He pull'd a Parson by the Ears,*
As he was going to say Prayers,
And Rabbit like from Cussack stript.
1 Ch *Next morning met a Senator*
And him through Midrife whipt.
2 Ch. *You Rogue says he, I'll maul you for*
The want of Money in the Nation,
Land Taxes, and the Damning Capitation.
1 Ch. *Windows breaking,*
2 Ch. *Children scaring,*
1 Ch. *Women Ruffling,*
2 Ch. *Cuckolds daring.*
1 Ch. *Bullies frighting, slow of fighting,*
2 Ch. *Nor old nor young, degree nor Sexes sparing.*
Both. *Nor old nor* &c.
1 Ch. *He twice raiz'd the Mob*
2 Ch. *And we twice relevi'd him:*
1 Ch. *From* Counter *and* Newgate,
2 Ch. *Gallows reprieve'd him.*
1 Ch. *By handling our Poles, and stout words of defial,*
2 Ch. *We brought him off safe to the* Theatre-Royal:
1 Ch. *But no sooner got there, and secure from the Rout,*
2 Ch. *When this troublesom Bear puts the Actors all out.*
By squobling in the Pit
With a Rake-hell he met.
1 Ch. *About two confounded Whores,*
Who convey'd him out of doors.
And for Supper at last, sav'd the Fool and his Feather,
2 Ch. *And here in the Tavern they're drunk altogether.*
Both. *And here,* &c.

Chorus.

Then, *Tom*, to th' Army let's away,
Nor longer wait at Tavern door,
But take King *William*'s Royal Pay,
Sit up all Night, and Pimp no more.
Whilst they, like two Bitches, and he a third Brute,
Feel the Constable's Clutches, or trudge home a foot.

Gress. Oh, she has the Purse, I see. Well, there's a Fire now?

Sir Bl. Oh, that's well, tho, Gad I'm warmer by a great deal than I was: Give me a Woman I can excuse a Faggot at any time.

Vand. Nay, I believe a very little brush would kindle your Faggot, Sir. Come, here's your Health in a Bumper. [*Fills a Beer Glass and drinks.*]

Sir B. Why, Gad-a-mercy —— ah, well drawn faith, —— gad I must dispatch quickly, I see the Jade will make me Drunk else. Come here's thy Health now, and zooks, to the happy Minute. [*He drinks.*] Gad I have mauld her already, the silly fool's in love with me, ha, ha, ha.

Gross. What a Devil does she mean by their Advances [*She Ogles & smiles.*

Sir B. Come, ne're stand simpering for the matter; dost love me, my Lusious *Landabrides.*

Vand. By all the Arts of Woman-kind I do, [*aside, she drinks agen*] he has betwitch'd me sure —— what if I should, Sir, (*to him*)

Gross. Marry, the Devil fetch him first —— what dee mean, Madam.

Sir B. Hearkee, Goodee *Crape*, get you to your Post, or I have such a Salt-Eel in my Pocket for ye, (*he drinks agen.*)

Vand. Huswife, get you gone —— *she drinks.*

Gross. Get me gone, Madam?

Sir B. Ay, get you gone, Huswife, Jade, Cockatrice, oons, I'll maul ye else. *he drinks.*

Gross. 'Sdlife, here's likely to be fine work indeed, by her eager Ogling him, on my Conscience; she loves the Brute, and then she's ruin'd and I too.

Sir B. Gad, thou canst not deny't, I see it plainly now, I see it in thy Phiz, thou dost love me.—Why how now, ye simple Quean you, why, what are ye asham'd to own it.

Vand. If you can be grateful, I must own it: Come, I've a cold Treat within, we'll go and eat it.

Sir Bl. Ay, with all my heart, zooks, what a lucky dog am I. Nay, Faith, let me be Purse-bearer too then, let my gratitude appear altogether, (*takes the Purse from her*

Gross. Zoons, you won't part from the Money, Madam.

Sir B. Not with the Money, Sawcy-face, why who shall hinder? Hearkee, hold your Tongue, or — [*shakes the Rope.*

Gross. Hinder it! 'Sdlife I'll hinder it — why, what are ye Mad — dee know what you are doing. *snatches the Purse from him.*

Vand. Why how now, impudence, dare you dispute my Actions, Huswife, give it me, or I'll tear your Eyes out. [*Pulls off her Head-Cloaths, and takes away the Purse.*]

Sir B. You are an impudent Slut indeed, to dare to dispute our Actions. Come little *Bona-roba*, let's go in and eat, humph, make your Curtsie and shew respect to your Master and Lady, ye Jade (*to G. then Ex. leading* Van.

Gross. Ten thousand Furies take her, is there in nature such another Succubus, not only to oblige her self to a Monster like him, but in the Devils name, in her Cups, to refund his Money too: Oh, I shall run distracted at the thought on't, and she has vex'd me so, that I have a good mind to set Fire to the Lodgings, and burn 'em about her Ears, senseless Devil, 'dsdeath, to pervert the main Topick of our function.

Subtlety, against method [illegible]

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Dutchess, Sanserre, *Lady* Brissac *and* Tonnerre.

L Sans. Then sister, you are resolv'd, you say, to go to this Masquerade, at the Duke *de Creque's*—since your last scape from your Husband, I swear you grow as bold as a Lyon.

L Briss. I have some thoughts of going, and yet the Musick that I hear is to be at the Marquis *de la Ferr's*, makes me lean a little on t'other side—or else there's Basset at my Lady *Cavoy's*, what if I should go and venture twenty Pistoles there.

Tonn. Ay, where the old Count your Husband comes every night to play, who, squatting down by you on the suddain, desires the civility to go your halfes. Well, if you will run these Risques, Madam, e'en get out of 'em as you can; for my part, I have ne're another *Judas* kiss for him—a plague of Bristles, he half flead my face with the last.

L Briss. Nay, you ought indeed, to brag of that exploit, for I never knew a kiss that did a Woman any kindness before.

Tonn. Oh, you must allow it a pretty Preludium to loves Musick.

L. Briss. I remember I read once, a strange, old, dry-headed Poet, that was damnably puzled to find out the Etimology of it; amongst all fancies, says he—ay,—'tis so.

Among all fancies, tell me this,
Whence came the whim, we call a kiss.

L Sans. Well, and there's another old Rhimer, as great a Crambonian as himself, that answers pat thus——

From Infant Pleasure got and bred,
Upon the Lips still blushing red,
By warm desire always fed,
And makes more sweet the Bridal Bed.

Tonn. Why, God-a-mercy *Dogrill*, gad there's a conceit or two in this, tollerably well.

L Sans. Ay, ay, and will do very well, to employ your thoughts upon in another quarter of the Garden. Go, go, get you gone thither. This is Fairy-land, a place where I always exercise my Poetical Talents.

L Briss. What thus, in the Dark, Sister, why you cant see to write.

L Sans. But I can see well enough to think; and if you don't go quickly, my first thought will be, that you are impertinent if you ask any more questions. Besides, darkness is naturally a confiner of fancy; and my Muse has taught me just as people do Starlings: I sing always best when I ve least light: Go, go, get ye gone, I say.

L Briss. I believe sweet Sister Sterling, yours is a tenth Muse and of Male-kind, who teaches you so well with his Flagelet, that Company and all other Music is tedious to ye. Well, adieu, we won't hinder your proficiency; I hope I shall pitch upon some pleasurable diversion, to make me amends for your absence. I'll to the Musick, stay, or to the Comedy,

medy, hold, or to the Basset, or to the Masquerade, or, or,—— or some where, cod I can't tell where yet; come Count.

Tonn. Come Count, ay but where, where the Devil must I come?

L. Briss. Why, come away, I tell ye I can't tell where yet: nay, if you grow resty, farewel t'ye. *Runs off.*

Tonn. Whiew! She'll be at the *Indies* within this half hour: Resty! gad I think I have some reason, I'm sure I'm run hard. *Exit.*

L. Sans. I'm glad her giddy head has hurry'd her away so opportunely, for the happy minute just now comes on when I us'd to enjoy my dear *Guillamour's* Conversation —— and hark, methinks I hear some walking; ay, 'tis certainly he, and *La Busque*, for she has been waiting at the Garden-door above this half hour. *Enter* Fiesque *and* La Busque.

La B. There Sir, that's the way into the Arbor; I'll now go in and see whither the Duke be in his Closet still. *Exit.*

Fies. So, she mistakes me happily; and thus far propitious fortune is favourable; let me but manage my Voice well, the rest will all be easie. *Exit.*

Guillamour *comes over the Wall.*

Guill. The happy Ladder that I found hard by here, in a corner of a House that's new building, has done me signal service; but yet, I can't but wonder, why *la Busque* should be from the door, but, perhaps my Watch went wrong, and I have mistook the hour — —her diligence else doubtless had not been wanting; for which —— besides — this Purse that I have brought her here, I know her Ladys favours are not trivial (*shews a Purse*) Stay, this must be the Arbor,——hah, and sure I hear some bustling,——'tis certainly she,—— the kind Soul was impatient, and is got hither before me.

Re-enter Fiesque, *and Lady* Sanserre.

L Sans. Why don't you speak to me, —— am I grown stale, that you afford me now but half the joy I us'd to have.

Guill. Hah!

Fies. I'm only speechless, with excess of Rapture.

Guill. The Devil ye are, Furies and Hell I'm jilted; and to confirm it with the strongest proof, have catch'd her in the Fact. Come, Sir, guard your self who e're you are, I'll give ye some fair play. [*she shreeks*

Fiesque *turns and fights.*

Fies. Hah —'tis sure the Duke ——now darkness favour me. *Exit.*

Guill. Ah curse of Cowardize, and the clowded Stars, are ye got from me, but I shall grope ye out. [*in fighting he drops his Purse.*]

L Sans. Oh, softly, dear my Lord, and do but hear me——

Guill. Witch, Traiterous Devil, —— I had rather hear a Mandrake Groan, or a Toad croaking Vespers.

L Sans. By all that's good, I'm innocent in Will.

Guill. By all ill, that's thy self, I'll be reveng'd.

Sans. (*within*) Lights, lights there——hey, within, bring lights there.

Guill. So, that's well, first let the Cuckold play his horn part, I'll try

to

to find out the Intriguer to inform him further. (*la Busque* doubtless can do it) and I'll bribe high to charm her. (*aside*) And so vile Creature, farewel for ever. *Exit.*

L Sans. I am so confounded — I have lost my Scences; Thieves; Thieves.

Re-enter La Busque *and* Sanserre *Arm'd, Servants with Lights.*

Lights, lights — O my Lord I'm heartily glad you're come, I've been so horribly frighted with Thieves.

Sans. Thieves — what a Devil make you here?

L. Sans. 'Tis my custom, my Lord, (how I tremble!) I do so every night after Supper, (I can hardly breathe!) to exercise my Poetical fancy.

Sans. O plague on your fancy — this cursed Poetry has made more Cuckolds than all the rest of the Liberal Sciences together: Go, search round the Garden Letts, see what sort of Thieves these are. *Ex. Servants.*

La Bus. He you take for a Thief is far enough from thee by this time I hope, for I left the Key in the door. *aside.*

Sans. If I mistake not, I heard a clashing of Swords; what were they fighting about their Booty before they had it? or were you that part of my Goods and Chattels they were tilting for, hah? they chose but an ill place for't here among the Flower-knots: How now, what's here? A Purse under my feet — 'Tis so, 'sdeath, and cramm'd with Gold! ah, 'tis plain now, these Rogues were too rich to come hither for Money, that could so carelessly drop a Treasure here.

L. Sans. A Purse! oh Heavens what shall I say now! (*aside.*) Oh, I have it — Oh, bless me, the fright I was in has made me drop my Purse too — Pray give it me, my Lord, 'tis my Card money, I have been lucky of late at *Bassett*, and improv'd my allowance by good fortune.

Sans. Your Purse?

L. Sans. Mine! mine, who's should it be else? Nay, pray my Lord don't open it, there's some small Gold amongst the rest, and you may drop a piece or two.

Sans. You are as eager to hinder me, as if some little dandiprat Gallant of yours were lurking here, but I am resolv'd to know its inside however, — that I may say once in my life, Madam, I have div'd to the bottom of our Intellects — oh, here's a Paper too, a *Billet doux* I'll lay my life.

L Sans. Ten to one he's in the right, and then I'm ruin'd past redemption. — Oh horrid, is it possible you should still plague me with your jealousie. Curse on't, if I had but taken a little faster hold —

Sans. Oh, is your Ladiship nettled, does the curious secret press ye so strongly, that you strive to tear the [*snatching tears the Paper*] Paper — 'tis excellent, — but if I mistake not, here's enough left still to give me knowledge of your virtuous inclinations — humph — let me see, — dear, dear, Mr. *la Busque.*

L. B. O Lord me, — odds heart the Letter to me, and ten to one but the Purse too — oh good.

Sans.

Sans. [reads.] *Tho you receive this little tender of my kindness, I would have you believe that I still remain in your debt; for it is not possible your late diligence to serve me, can be two well rewarded.* —— [her late diligence—very good] *Let but our Intrigue be still carried on cunningly, and then let the Horn-mad jealous D* —— *and here the rest is sure.* —— *D* —— *what the Devil follows now* —— *Hell and Furies* —— *the letter D* —— *begins Duke* —— *Curse on't, it must be so* —— *for what else can it stand for.*

L Sans. Stand for —— D —— D —— why, why, D D —— stands for Doctor —— ha, ha —— *L Busque*, 'tis thy Letter the Son sent thee —— which I found and put in my purse to keep for thee. Come. I hope you'll give me my Money now.

Sans. Humph —— the Devil has got her off agen —— here's no certainty, tho there be plagey circumstances? [*gives her the Purse.*

La B. Yes, yes, Madam, I remember the Letter very well, and the Purse too, Madam.

La Sans. Ay, ay; I know thou dost; you remember I told you when I won it.

La B. Not I, Madam, I remember nothing of that, but you must needs know, Madam ——

L Sans. I do so, as well as if it were done but yesterday; and prithee come in with me, and I'll tell thee more of him and thee, and them, the Money, and my self, and every thing, for I dare not speak a word more here, for fear my Lord should be jealous. *Exit in haste.*

L B. Dslife, what's all this banter, this shall not pass upon me: Gad I'll discover all rather than lose the Purse; I can tell her, that —— *Ex. after.*

Re-enter Servants with Lights.

Serv. There's no one in the Garden, my Lord, but we have found the back door open, and suppose the Thieves are gone out that way.

Sans. These might be Thieves, 'tis true, and they might be Cuckold-makers. Damn that thought, how it stings me; oh how insupportable a Torment is doubt, in a condition of Life from which men ought to expect all quiet and security: They may talk of Local-hells I know not where, but that poor Husbands Bosoms feels the hottest that doubts, and yet must Love. — How now? [*Enter* Daubray.] *Daubray,*

Daub. Ay, my Lord, I have been labouring to do you service, ever since the last time I saw ye, and now I think I may truly say, my intelligence is to the purpose, —— for I have unrevell'd such a secret, ——

Sans. Hast thou, come then give it me at once, I hate a lingring pain.

Daub. 'Tis this, my Lord; I observed yesterday when your Grace was gone out, a young, dapper, sparkish Fellow with my Lady.

Sans. So!

Daub. And to day, my Lord, he was here agen, but had disguis'd himself I suppose cunningly to prevent my discovery, in Women's Cloaths.

Sans. Women's Cloaths? good.

Daub. But for all his subtlety, I suspected at first it was the face agen, and to be sure of it, I watcht matters so closely, that going into *La Busque's*

Clos-

Closet after she had come out, and thinking he was hid there, amongst my Lady's foul Linnen, what did I find there, my Lord, but this vile Garment, the very same that I saw him wear the day before, [*shews a pair of Breeches.*

Sans. The Devil———

Daub. Ay, the Devil indeed, as you say, my Lord, for it puts me so in mind of an ill Husband I had once, who was always a very infirm consumptive person; and it brings such things into my head, that I vow to Gad I hate the Garment of all others, I have a perfect aversion for the Garment.

Sans. A plague on the Garment, it brings some things into my head too that are not very divertive: But come to the purpose, dear diligence—can I, thinkst thou, surprize this young dog with her.

Daub. Without fail, my Lord; come in with me and I'll put your Lordship in a way immediately.

Sans. Dispatch then, I'll follow thee. —Oh, thou absurd Philosopher that against human ills did preach up patience, how art thou baffled here; A Cuckolds case, I find poor lazy Drone, was ne're thy study. Plague, Death and Hell? What strange new unknown punishment shall I contrive for her? hah, let me see? keep her from Meat a month, and starve Concupiscence? no, that won't do, or shall I cut her piece meal? that's impossible———her impudence has so case-hardned her, that she'll exceed the valliant *Greek* of old, and prove her self all o're impenetrable. Well then, to smoother her with her own Pillow, the accessary Pillow———good, then to the *Forum* like renowned *Brutus*, and tell the weighty reason with large Caveat.

To all the Human Race that hapless vary
Their blessed State, run mad with fool and marry. *Exit.*

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Guillamour, *and* La Busque.

Guill. IF thou art tame and passive after such injustice done thee, thou art not what I took thee for, a Girl of Wit and Spirit; let thy Lady therefore know thou canst resent an injury: what, to deny giving the Purse I ordered thee, 'twas base, 'twas sordid.

La B. She puts me off hourly, with telling me she has another Business for me to do first, but if ever I have a finger in her business till I finger the Purse, my Lord, I wish it may rot: I know her love of Play too well, and how like Birdlime Money sticks to her. I never hardly had any Wages of her, but she'd borrow it agen in two days time; she's the very Devil at that trick,

Guill. 'Dsheart, and that very trick would ruine thee in a little time. Come, come, Sweet-heart, she's all over ingratitude; join therefore with me, and let us revenge our selves; she has basely us'd thee for all thy diligent Services: Take now the opportunity and right thy self, she has also been ingenerously false to me and my Love, and for my part I am resolved I'll ne're forgive her.

La B.

La B. Gad, if I have not the Purse between this and seven a Clock at night, I will have my revenge, I will discover something that —— Well, I say no more.

Guill. So, the secret is bubling upwards, 'twill come out presently, t'other ten Pistoles, and she disgorges. (*aside*) How, say no more, gad but thou shalt say more, and discover all too, —— and let the Purse be damn'd, with her ingratitude, here's (*gives her Gold*) something in lieu of it, which, influencing Conscience, and improving thy good Nature, shall Bribe thee to be mine: Come, come, the discovery. Nay, nay, no demurring Child, but out with it, fear her not, from henceforth I'll take care of thee.

La B. Why truly, I must needs say, your Lordship has taken the only, and most moving method in the world to engage me. [*Looking on the Gold.*].

Guill. Ay, no doubt on't, the Conjurer Gold can never fail in charming. *aside.*

La B. Which is your Lordship's tender applying it to my Conscience, for Conscience I assure your Lordship goes a great [*still looking on his Gold*] way with me, and really that was always the main thing I blam'd in my Lady. If the Woman had had but a Conscience, I could never have betray'd her secret; but to be so horridly unconscientious to keep my Purse from me in the first place.

Guill. Ha, ha, the Purse still, that Purse lies dammably heavy upon her Stomach, all will out I find. (*aside*)

La B. Then in the next place, to use your own words to be ungenerously false, to so fine a person as your Lordship.

Guill. Oh, your humble Servant.

La B. So well made, so beautiful a person as your Lordship.

Guill. Nay, nay, sweet Mrs. *L'Busque*, what d'ye mean.

La B. Nay, more, so beautiful, so super-fine a person as your Lordship.

Guill. Oh fye, this is too much by half

La B. It really shews that the Woman had no Conscience at all, nor will I any longer bear her the fidelity usual. Therefore know, my Lord, that for all her Oaths, Tears, and Prostitutions, she really has Jilted ye.

Guill. Damn her, I believe as much now, do but tell we with whom.

La B. Ay, dear my Lord, you shall know all, and more than all if I could express it, for I find my Conscience prompts me exceedingly. Does not your Lordship remember a young, smock'd fac'd, dapper Spark, that came into the Garden with old Count *Brisfac*'s company, that Evening the Duke was laughed at, for being found in his Wife's cloaths.

Guill. I do, —— death and the devil, —— i'st he.

La B. Most certainly, my Lord, and who has cunningly, ever since, to keep the Intreague the closer, daily kept her Company, disguis'd in a Womans Habit —— and is this instant with her, in her apartment yonder.

Guill. Hah, in Womans Habit sayst thou? why this is a secret worth Gold indeed; curst, hellish, treacherous Creature, this is her Truth and Constancy in the Devil's name, henceforth let that dull Animal, that will proclaim himself and Ass with Ears,

Believe damnd Woman, when she vows and swears.

La B. For further proof, retire into this Closer, my Lord, I'll warrant you see some bolting presently.

Guill. I'll follow thee, and stifle Rage a moment, that I may let it loose with greater gust upon her. *Exeunt.*

Enter Daubray, *with* Sanserre *and* Brissac.

Daub. They are certainly together, my Lord; but to make the proof more plain, be pleas'd your self to peep through the Key-hole of the Bed-chamber,

whilst the Count and I go another way, and watcht the door of the Drawing Room.

Sans. Do do, and if I find 'em here, I'll come and call ye: Damnation! these are the joys of Marriage. Now Count, I hope I shall convinec ye what a Viper I've so long cherish'd in my Bosom.

Briss. Well, well, let s see the proofs the proof, I know your Lordship's Eyes sometimes see double, therefore, gad I'll not believe a word till I see the proof. I love an Intrigue too well to have it slander'd with doubts and surmizes, the proof, the proof, my Lord.

Sans. Away then to the Drawing-room-door, I'll this way.

Daub. Softly, softly, my Lord. [*Exeunt at several doors.*

Re-enter Sanserre *hastily.*

Sans. 'Tis so, by the spirit of Cuckoldom, there they are, close together, and Cooing like two Pidgeons just going to Bill, I could not see my Wife for the Bed-Curtains, but the young rampant Fornicator, I saw plainly in his female Trappings, wagging his Commode, I suppose eagerly expressing some new lewdness to her. Death and Hell, where shall I get a Gridiron big enough to broyl him on, but hush, another Minute for that, I'll first go and call *Brissac*, to be Witness of her Infamy: now sure I shall convince the incredulous old Coxcomb, if this peeping proof be not plain enough, the Devil take all Ogling. *Ex.*

Enter Tonnerre.

Tonn. What happiness ordain'd to bless Mortality, can vie with that of the successful Lover. [*to him* Guillamour *from the Closet.*] Oh my full heart, by Heaven, my Joys so swell my surcharg'd Bosom, I have hardly breath left to express my Rapture.

Guill. Then, least the unruly passion should boyl over, give me leave, Sir, to bring ye some allay.

Tonn. Hah, my Lord *Guillamour.* [Tonn. *turns about and starts.*]

Guil. The same, Sir, and whither you had knowledge of my Pretensions to the Lady you come from or not, I have not leasure now to examin; 'tis enough for me to tell ye, that I have found my self abus'd by her, and your unexpressible happiness as you term it, is the sequel of her unexemplary baseness to me, which I am now come hither to revenge and expose.

Ton. Death and Hell, has he been intrigu'd with my Countess, this is a discovery amazes me; hearkee, my Lord, pray let me ask you a question now.

They talk apart.

Enter Sanserre *and* Brissac.

Sans. *Daubray* will watch the Drawing-room door close enough, so that they can't slip from us that way, and for this passage Count ——— hah ——— what do I see, by all my pangs 'tis he, ——— and *Guillamour* a brace of the Court's rankest Cuckold-makers, Furies and Hell, she deals with 'em in couples, ——— but if they scape me now, draw Count ———

Briss. Draw ——— what a plague does he mean, is not that, my dear sweet, luscious, charming Empress that stands there: Disheart 'tis she I'm sure now: Draw, ——— oons the man's mad. [*apart, staring at* Tonn. *then runs to her.*]

Sans. Come, Sir, draw; for tho such Villany deserve no fair play, I scorn to take advantage; nay, nay, no evasion ——— draw quickly.

Guill. My Lord, I've something to discover, that perhaps may satisfie ye without it.

Sans. Your life, Sir, can only satisfie, draw or I'll nail ye to the Wall.

Guill. Nay, then I will have play for't. [*fight here.*]

Ton. 'Tis lucky, however, to have the old fool *Sessac* here, I know he will defend me. (*aside*)

Sess.

Brif. Hey day, why my Lord——'dsdeath, are ye both bewitch'd——nay then, then Gad I ll put ye out of your tricks, I'll spoil your fencing——hah, now my Lord, [*parts them, beats* Sanferre's *Sword out of his hand, and takes it up,*] you shall stockado no more till I think fit; if your Lordships please to go to Cuffs, you may.

Sanf. Damn'd chance, [*goes to fall upon* Tonn. *and* Brissac *guards her with both Swords*) yet I have Fingers left to tear your Devilship, your Strumpets covering shant' disguise ye longer, nor shelter the lewd Monster underneath.

Brif. What raving stark mad,——'dsheart do ye know what ye are going to do, oons, keep back you had best, he that offers to touch my dear Empress, shall have both these Pokers in his guts the next moment. What a Devil are ye bewitch'd, my Lord,——what offer to strike a Woman.

Sanf. A Woman, a Wizard, ——poor old deluded Wittal, clear your Eyesight and understanding,——look agen, is that a Woman.

Guill. Be a little curious in your observation, old Count, and let her prove her self a Woman if she can.

Brif. Prove her self a Woman? They're both posiest, Begad,——why this is Impudence unparrelleled; A plague on ye for a couple of lewd Fitchews, how would you have her prove.

Sanf. Shew ——that stubbled Chin, a little nearer to your blind Eyes, look closer ye old dotard, have Women beards?

Brif. Beards ——oons what care I, what is that to my dear Empress here—oons you dont think to make me believe that she is not *femina propria*, do ye? Dost hear, Goddess, prithee shew em a Bubby.——Convince em presently with the sight of a pretty Nipple, or so; do Faith——why, pox on 'em, they have the confidence to hint here, that thou, the treachery of all my Joys art no Woman,

Ton. if I were otherwise, their Insolencies should hear from me in another manner, tell em that from me, Count.

Brif. Ah, dear, dear charmer, do ye hear that, ye brainless Peers, do ye hear that?

Sanf. If you were otherwise, death, hell and furies, do not I know?

Brif. Oons know what ye will, my Lord, keep back or—— [*guards her*]

Sanf. Confound his folly, why, I tell thee, old stupidity once more, that this is a Man, a young rampant Rake-hell, lewd as the Devil, who, wearing that Woman's disguise there, to keep himself unknown, intrigues with your damn'd Sister, my damn'd Wife, and abuses me; I saw him scarce two Minutes since in her Apartment with her, and will instantly go and fetch her, to prove the truth of all, and make that incredulous Pate of yours, once in your life, believe the things you see. *Exit* Sanferre.

Brif. Hamp? Gad now I look better upon her: That Chin, those broad Shoulders, and those pair of Mutton Fists, do shew somewhat more mannish than I imagin'd. Hearkee, what shall I call ye, if, instead of Female Trinkets, I do hereafter find you of the Male-gender.

Ton. I shall have one of those two Pokers ungender me, I suppose I am in a very fine condition truly. (*aside*)

Guill. What think ye now, Sir, of the vast happiness of a successful Lover? Will your crowded joys now give ye breath enough, to express your Rapture.

[*aside to* Ton.

Ton. So, very good, on t'other side, I am a very pretty fellow, faith.

Brif. Gad, I do not like that Leer,——I see more of the Whore-master's Air now, than I thought for. Well, if thou shouldst prove a Son of a Whore after all.

Guill. Nay, you are snap'd, Sir, and now much good may do ye with your success in the Dutchess, that your prevailing merit wen from me. [*shreek within*] Oh, here he's coming with her, and when you are both expos'd, I shall think my self sufficiently revenge'd.

Bris. Ay, ay, Gad 'tis plain now, the very face looks with such a Masculine impudence, as if it could not deny it: Here will appear the Male-gender.

Tom. Better and better still, I am wedg'd in too, there's no flinching.

R-enter Sanserre, *pulling in Lady* Brissac *mask'd.*

Sans. Come, Madam, you must this way with me now — your disguise to scape at t'other door is contriv'd a little too late — go forward there to that incredulous Gentleman, who has at this time a very pressing affair with ye, whilst I, to proclaim your Virtue, and the infinite pleasures of my life so long drawing, wish your Ladyship in the Conjugal-yoke. — Expose 'em barefac'd to the world, [*snatches off her Mask*] 'Ds death and Hell, who do I see — my Sister *Brissac*, — wonder of wonders, how the Devil comes this?

Bris. Oons my Wife, — I'm dumb, — I'm blind, — I'm dead; — 'tis Witchcraft, — 'tis impossible, — 'ds heart, I'll not believe it.

Guill. Hah, another Lady instead of the Dutchess, 'ds life, ten to one then, *La Busque* has been deceiv'd by a mistake, and I have wrong'd an Angel. [*apart*]

Bris. Speak, speak thou Fairy, speak thou Fantosme, art thou my Wife, art thou in the Country or no, art thou making Rose-cakes there huswifely, or wert thou yonder just now making me a Cuckold whorishly, — speak thou Cornucopia.

La B. Indeed, my Lord, to tell you the truth, I am I,

Bris. Are ye so, — then I am I know what, ye damn'd *Dalilah.*

La B. Just come to Town a little, upon a frolick, my Lord, to watch you, because you staid so long here; but as for that Gentleman there, how he came hither, I know not. I suppose he's going to a Masquerade somewhere; for my part, I took him for a real Woman, till I found him otherwise.

Bris. Good agen, then you have found him otherwise, it seems, — and if he has no Armour under his Bawdy-Jacket, this I think shall find out some of his Small-guts, [*goes to stick him and they hinder*] the Moon shall shine through his Midrise presently.

Guill. No, no, Count, we must not have no such violence neither — here's only suspition of Cuckoldom yet; besides, you see he is unarm'd, and you must not take such advantage.

Bris. Unarm'd, a plague on him, he's well enough armed to Jilt my Wife, and let the same Weapons serve him against me, with a pox to him.

Tom. Well, I see I am discovered, but however must assure you, upon my honour, in right of your Lady, that she is wholly innocent of engaging me further, tho, for a frolick, I contriv'd to get into her Company at her first coming to Town, nor was my disguise taken upon the score of any Intrigue, but to secure me till I could get the Kings pardon about a Duel; so that your Lady, my Lord Duke, and yours there, Count, were very strangers to me till just now, that to make a little Mirth, and humour my Habit here, I got into their Company.

Sans. Did you never leave a pair of Breeches, Sir, in my Wifes Closet.

Tom. Not I, upon my honour, my Lord.

L. Bris. Come, since the Gentleman has dealt by me like a Man of Honour, I'll unravel that mystery; Therefore know, my Lord, that those Breeches were mine, and part of the frolicksome disguise I came up to Town in, the day

that

that a certain young Bully bantered in the Garden, Court.

Brif. Admirable, and so you was then that impudent young Dog, that huff'd and hectored me so, was ye.

La B. In *propria persona*, faith Count — nay, never frown for the matter, for if you do — remember you did all you could to break your Conjugal-vow, by making love to that Lady there, which, tho it prove ineffectual — your will was not wanting ye lewd Rake-hell, therefore either let's shake hands, and let all go as frolick, for frolick — or lookee Count, I can frown too, dee see.

Brif. Tis a mettled Devil, as like my Wife, as one Pea to another — but I cannot believe 'tis her yet; but for your part, Signior *Ænigma*, thou must not put upon me, I do not like your Story.

Tonn. Why then, Sir, you must take your satisfaction as you please, I'll venture to change my Dress and put on a Sword, whenever your scrupulous Honour, Sir, shall require other satisfaction.

Brif. Hah, very fine gad; we Husbands have a fine time on't, if we are no Cuckolds, we must be fools for making a bustle about it, and if we are Cuckolds, we must fight for making a bustle about it, — but you shan't bully me with that friend, I'll have a better reason for your being here, or expect what you deserve. Oons, was ever Lover so disappointed, — I thought I had got the rarest Doxy, the most luscious armful, and instead of a Whore, to find a Son of a Whore. (*apart*) A pox on him I must murder him, there's no other way.

Guill. Oh fye, — fye, — remember, Count, he's unarm'd. — 'Tis certain now by my dear Dutchess not being here, that his Intrigue was with the t'other? and I have basely wronged her by a curst mistake. (*aside*)

Sanf. This is an hour of Wonders, — and all so intricate too, that they surpass my understanding, first to see my Sister here, whom I and her Husband thought a hundred miles off in the Country, then to mistake her for my Wife whom I was traind to meet here, and expected to find in that room; what can this be but witchery.

Brif. Tis so, oons, 'tis plain; for if that be personally my Wife that stands there, we are certainly all bewitch'd — no other way could set her before me this minute I am sure but Witchcraft.

Sanf. And see, to improve the wonder, here comes my Wife from a quite contrary quarter, sure we shall unriddle all now.

Ton. The Dutchess here, nay, then I begin to take heart.

Enter Lady Sanserre.

Guill. Tis so, *La Busque* has made a confounded mistake, and if she can but clear the Garden business last night, I'll throw my self at her feet, and beg a thousand pardons.

Sanf. So long from your Apartment, Madam, and such visitants waiting for you there; this is a piece of neglect uncustomary: What in the name of Ceremony and good Manners, may be your Lodiship's reason. —

La S. Hah, my Lord *Guillamour* and *Tonnerre* both here, nay, then I apprehend what he means by this coldness to me; but I am prepared for him as well as I could wish. (*apart*)

Sanf. Madam, you dont see my Lord sure, methinks your Ladyship does not receive your friends with the usual Air.

La S. Not as my friends, but as your Lordships, and upon the Ladys Account, that waits for ye all within, bid em welcom.

Sanf. The Lady within, ha, ha, ha, what trick, what fetch now, what Lady is it you mean.

La S. Oh an intimate friend of your Graces, I m very sure; one born and fated for my ruin, adorn d with Beauty incomparable, and so many other Charms ——— Oh heaven, 'tis your new Mistress, the heart breaker *Vandosme*, my Lord — oh — dee start, does your Lordship know such a person.

Sans. Know such a person? What then, what of her thou Syren.

Gnill. Ha, ha, ha, some new trick I lay my life, methinks I catch the wit of it already (*aside*)

La S. What of her, nay, nothing, my Lord, but that she's a Woman of Honour I suppose, and punctual to her Assignation; for she came this morning to visit ye at the very Minute — and truly, I like a very Wife, a little jealous, and more curious in the Matter than you desire, I believe, finding her business was with you, pretending to receive her, have lockt her up in the Dining-room.

Sans Subtle Devil, *Vandosme*, no doubt came to me about the discovery I desired to make, and ten to one she has pumpt my secret out of her, and ruin'd my design. (*aside*)

Ton. What she means, is to me a Mystery, but Heaven send her a good deliverance. (*aside*)

Sans. Oh, I find you would turn the course of the Story, but pray be civil to my Lord here, Madam, he wants his dispatch; I beseech ye what may his business be — hah — may not I know.

La S. Ha, ha, ha — wittily carried indeed; but my Lord, this cunning won't pass upon me, I know ye are all joynt Companions in the Intrigue, only I find your Lordship is preferred first, for she came after you, but they came after her. Your Necklace of Pearl, my Lord has incensed her so extremely.

Sans. How the Devil now came she to know of that, dam her she puzzels the Cause, I scarce know how to answer her. They come after her, that s likely.

La S. Come, I know they are men of too much honour to disown Love to a fine Woman, through fear, what say ye my Lords, was not your design here to chatming *Vandosme*. Speak the Truth boldly.

Gnill. Hah, I understand that tip of the Wink. (*aside*) Why then, since the Truth must out ——— it was ——

Ton. Ah, witty charming Creature, I, [illegible] it was, it was, what a pox I hate to tell a Lye. —

La S. So you dog'd her into the House, but not knowing the Room where I had lockt her, one of ye ir seems got into my Apartment, —— and see — oh power of Truth what influence it works —— now could I see you blush, my Lord, if I were a hundred Yards from you.

Sans. I blush? why thou provoking Mischief, art thou so hardened to tell me that?

La S. What need I tell ye that, or any thing, is it not plain ungrateful man that you sent for your Whore into my very House, to Intrigue with her under my very Nose [*loud and angrily*] You did, you did, you vile ungrateful Wretch — oh Heaven, see how he blushes agen.

Sans. The Devil s in her, she will turn it upon me, right or wrong — why thou — fury, canst thou say I blush.

L Sans. Pray, my Lords, be Judges — did ye ever see such a collour.

Gnill. The truth is, my Lord, you do blush extremely.

Tom. Your Face is all over in a flame; but I confess there is some reason, for I see my Lady has found out your Intrigue my Lord.

Sans. A plague Intrigue ye, this is plain juggling between 'em all, and I am still the property.

La S.

La S. But to shew ye what a piece of Integrity you have chose to sacrifice me to, here comes another couple that I knew concerned in the same Vessel and Cargo: I therefore sent for 'em to put in for their Shares.

Enter Fiesque *and Sir* Blunder.

And now all Proprieters are ready, I think it is fit to produce the Merchandize — therefore have patience and I'll deliver up the effects immediately.

Exit Lady Sanserre.

Fief. Oh intollerable Jilt, Traitress, Devil, I find now all her late Oaths and Tears were nothing but intended Villany, and that she has been so very a Monster, to intrigue with this fellow too, this Monster of Monsters. (*apart*) Well, then, you say, *Sir Blunder*, you are sure you have great power over her.

Sir B. I think I have, if I should not have power over my Punck it would be hard, — besides, I need not toil about it, for ha, ha — a pox take her, the senceless Queen is in love with me, ha, ha, ha.

Fief. Oh Witch, oh Succubus. (*apart*)

Sir B. Gives me the charge of all her Money and Jewels; looke: here are the Keys of her Scrutore, you may see by this I have tickled her fancy; here is a Diamond Ring too I got from her this morning, she will part with any thing for a nights Lodging; the Jade knew I am a swinging Bed-fellow.

Fief. Ha, by heaven, the very Ring I gave — oh confusion.

Sir B. Here she comes, I'll stand by and listen, and if I find she has been playing the Jilt, I'll come in, take her away home, and drub her tightly.

Fief. Oh damn her, damn her, the worst of Hell is too good. [*Sir* Blunder *stands aside.*

Re-enter Lady Sanserre *with* Vandosme, *melancholly with a Book.*

La S. Come, Madam, a little nearer, and pray throw off that demure melancholly look that so disguises ye: I bring ye to none but your acquaintance here, accost them then with the pure Air of your profession, and let your Eyes use their Artillery as formally — shoot, shoot them dead, you have done it a thousand times before now, — hah — what is here a Book — oh prodigious — A treatise of Repentance — nay then, then, the Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose, indeed —

Van. Oh heaven, can you believe then I am so Reprobate, that I am past repentance.

Fief. There is the soft tone agen, and then that damming look would baffle human reason.

La S. Oh, this Religious change is of so fresh a date, Madam, that you'll hardly be believed.

Vand. Yes, Madam, I am sure I shall, if it is prov'd unfeign'd, and you are a Lady of that unsullied Virtue, Candor, and Charity, that your good Nature will be first my friend.

La S. My Virtue — sure this Devil does not banter me.

Sans. There's no putting in a word now, she has got the ascendant over me clearly.

La B. At her agen, — Sister, things go well.

Bris. Humph! Methinks matters look a little better than they did, for if that young Petticoat Towzer there, came after this Harridan, I may chance to be no Cuckold after all.

Town. She's got in rarely, if she does but hold out now.

Gnill. Say any thing, Madam, I'll second ye.

La S. Nay, since you think, most infamous of Creatures, to impose upon me with Hypocrisie, I'll lay your mischief open to the World, and be as loud as

Thunder.

Thunder in proclaiming it, thou chief promoter of the cause of Hell.

Vand. Oh I beseech ye have patience, Madam, I m converted.

La S. Thou gulphy Quicks and swallowing all Adventurers; thou very Magdalen, thou converted?

Vand. Alas, you know, Madam, *Magdalen* Repented.

La S. Intrigu'd with half the Court before this last, the Count here, and you my Lord, I know can say enough of her.

Fies. I, a pox take me for't, she and I have been a little too well acquainted.

Guill. Humph, I have not altogether been a stranger to the Gentlewoman, neither.

Briss. Gad, I wonder she miss'd me, I never was in with her as I remember.

Sir B. A plague, at this rate half the Town have had her, this has been a damn'd Jade. *(peeping out)*

La S. 'Tis by the odiods Witchcraft of such hellish Creatures as you, that the marriage State is so dishonour'd; imbellisht Virtue pines at home neglected, whilst Riotous Vice is grac'd with Presents——Jewels, but I'll turn back the stream to its right Channel, and Honour and Virtue henceforth shall be Reverenced, my Wit shall ruin thee, past all redemption. (*apart to* Vand.) I'll make thee change that canting Note, thou Hypocrite.

Sans. So, the Alarm is set a going; now shall I hear nothing but the noise of her damn'd Honour and Virtue, for a month together. *(aside.)*

Vand. Well then, you shall change my Note, my Virtuous Lady too soon to your cost, you shall now hear me then, and *(loudly)* know my wit shall ruin thee past redemption; I'll make thee change that haughty Note, thou Hypocrite.

La S. Infamy, I defie thee, what can the Divel mean. (*to* Guill.)

Guill. The Devil knows.

Guill. Read that, my Lord, and then let Virtue and Honour there, [*gives* Sanserre *a Letter*] defend her self with her integrity, there's no Hypocrisie in that, my Lord, 'tis a plain *Billet doux* to my Lord *Guill.*

Sans. 'Tis so, by Hell——and of her own Hand-writing.

Fies. The very Letter that she got from me, when last impos'd on by her Sighs and Tears. Was there ever such a Serpent. *(aside)*

Sans. To shew you this, my Lord, was the morning business, which to secure, she lockt me up most wittily. Now let all human Creatures that can read, behold in that the Dutchess's rare Virtue, then judge 'twixt th' Strumpet free, and Strumpet wedded, which is the worst: Come, who speaks loudest, let your sharp Tongue, Madam, out wit me now, what not a word——from Honour nor from Virtue; nay, then 'tis plain, the Strumpet Wife's most blameful.

Sans. She has struck me dumb, I cannot speak a word, nor dare I lift my Eyes to look upon em. *Exit.*

Sans.

Sans. I'll vanish all thoughts of mercy from this moment, I will be as cruel as Revenge can make me —— My Lord, your ear.

Guill. Well, my Lord, 'tis enough. *they Whisper.*

Sans. Here's so much Fire it burns my very Vitals, dear, dear Revenge, I 'm wedded to thee now. *Exit.* Guill *a going.*

Fies. No, no, my Lord, I bar that, you shannot leave us.

Guill. My Lord, I'm only going to my Lodging?

Briss. Ay, my Lord, that's all one, no going, no going now, my Lord.

Tonn. No, no, let the business cool a little.

Vand. This is in return of your ungrateful usage, Traitor, and now thank your self.

Guill. Ten thousand plagues upon thee. Death, is there no way left to be reveng'd upon this Witch, this Sorceress.

Enter Sir Blunder.

Sir B. Yes, here's some body left here behind the Curtain that shall take her to task immediately. Come Jade, every Bodies Cleopatra, come your ways home.

Vand. Hah, he here then, I am disgrac'd for ever, this is the only Devil can torment me.

Sir B. Your entertainment *Jesabel* to night, shall be half a dozen of kicks, or so, or it may be a light Drubbing, but to morrow expect to be turn'd a grazing, to try for a new fortune, I'll take care of these materials, and of the effects belonging to 'em. *(shakes her Keys)* Come.

Vand. Stand off, Monster, Furies and Fire, touch me, and I'll flea thee: Hah, dar'st thou attempt it; nay then, assist me Rage and Vigour, that I may rip this Brute and carve revenge. *(snatches his sword out, flies at him and beats him off.*

Fies. Farewel, the Quintessence of all Coquets in general. Well, this gives my heart some repose however, to find this brutish fellow revenges me in a right method, 'tis no more than what generally happens to to 'em.

For, never was true Jilt, but was so blind,
To love at last what paid her in her kind.

La S. 'Twas ten to one but the revengeful Creature had invented some lye or other upon me for my Sisters sake, but now the Riddle is expounded, who these two Sparks were hunting here for. I hope Count I may sleep free from censure.

Tonn. I must help her out in this. *(aside)* Madam, there can remain no scruple of a doubt in your Ladyship's Case, and I am very sorry my intrigue with her should cause any reflection to your prejudice.

Briss. Nay, I believe as things stands, I had as good be satisfied, as go to prove any thing further; but Gad here has been swinging frolicks of all sides: you smock-fac'd Dog, you Sirrah, you have disappointed me confoundedly. I took you for a Loop and not a Button, you Rogue, but come, a pox on't, it makes the Intrigue the better however, and gad I love that so well, that I can be angry no longer. Come, my Lord, chear

up, you have treated my Sister I suppose the old English way, but gad if she likes the cheer entire, with all my heart, we'll have no fighting about the matter.

Guill. My Lord, I have been always oblig'd to your good nature.

Briss. What a pox, there's no such harm done as I see, here's no body a Cuckold but my Brother the Duke, and gad now he's out of the way, he was so jealous, that I always wish'd him one: Why, if I had been a jealous Puppy, on my Conscience I had been so too.

Fies. Oh fye, my Lord you, what an Intriguer, a Beau? No, no, Count, you are safe enough.

Tonn. So, his Eyes are sealed however. (*aside*)

Briss. Come, gad we have been so long out of humour, about these matters, that methinks I want a little mirth: Let's have a Bottle and a little Musick. Spouse, if you would have me in humour, and believe what you say, Sing me a Song against Cuckold-making. Hey, within, bid my Servants that I ordered for the Musical Entertainment to night, come and give it presently; and dee hear, bring a Bottle.

Enter Servants with Wine, and then a Song and a Dance are performed.

Fies. Come, here's the Count *Brisse*'s Health, and let him live for ever.

Guill. Ay, come, with all my Heart, and to all the Cuckolds in and about *Versailles*. (*aside*)

Tonn. In the Fountain-garden about 7 this evening, dear Angel, if you would have me live till morning. [*whispers Lady* Brissac.)

La B. No, no, Count, no more intrigues, I have made some suddain Reflection upon't and have resolv'd severe amendment; you may think this rallery, but you shall find it real, therefore I charge you forbear my Company, and all future unlawful Sollicitations, for I am conscious to my self, I have deserv'd the same fate my Sister has, tho I have the luck to miss it. Not a word more, content your self with what's past, and as you are a man of Honour, tempt me to that course of life no longer. *goes from him.*

Tonn. Pish, thy sudden turn can be nothing but a qualm of Hypocrisie Gad I won't leave her off so.

Briss. Come, give me another Bumper, and this last health is to all brave fellows that stand upright as I do, at eight and fifty, and those happy Husbands that can see their Wives sing, dance, Joke, kiss, and be merry amongst Company, without jealousie or having the Gripping of the Gutts about it, for let 'em fatigue themselves how they please, rage, watch, pine, and grow lean about it, let 'em take this as a Maxim from jolly *Brissac*.

If the good woman gets it in her Brain,
All Labour's lost, th' *Italian* Engine vain,
Whilst female inclination tends to man,
There will be Horns, let Heads do what they can.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mis. Barry, *as in a fret.*

Judges of Wit, and Poets tell me, pray,
Have you e're seen mongst all y have known me play,
So strange a part as this, I've done to day.
Thas vex'd me so, would I may ne're be fam'd,
If I care threepence if the Play were damn'd:
Or, if some Bully, some lov'd Jilt revenging,
Help'd the Satyrick Scribbler to a swinging.
How long, and oft, have I, in well wrought Scenes,
Dazled like Glittering Empresses and Queens,
Acted all passions, love, grief, joy, and shame,
The Great Court Lady, and the City Dame.
And if sometimes, a wanton subject came
Yee Poets Characters, decent were, and civil,
But ours---Curse on't here, makes me act the Devil.
I ne're was so affronted in my Life,
Would he had such a one to be his Wife.
The hot brain'd Sonnetteer would soon turn Mome,
Were his poor Pen employ'd with a Vandosme.
Besides the part is contrary to Nature;
There cannot in our Sex be such a Creature.
We love no fools, Pr'ythee, we're let 'em cheat us, *I'm sure,*
Nor can we do a fault for him to beat us:
Tho we should graft more Cornes on every year,
Then stock St. James's *Park, or else St.* James's *Square.*
But hold, now Anger somewhat cooler grows,
The Part, bad as it is, may please you Beaus:
The Play by Judges, has commended been,
And if it bring but the new Money in:
Money's a certain Medicin for my Spleen.

Ah, how that hope, ill humour reconciles:
Money, turns every body's frowns to smiles,
Controwling Mammon, can dispose like fate;
Money can make a dry'd wry'd Cripple strait,
The Wife play false, and the tame Cuckold blind,
Proud Widdows pliant, and Coy Virgins kind:
Money corrupts the Body, damns the Soul,
And in Life's game still turning like a bowl,
Can by its By as all distinctions draw,
The Court, the Country, Clergy, and the Law.
How can it fail then, to have power o've me,
Mine's but a sort of Play-house constancy,
My part, I own, I hate to a degree.
But if it Money gets, will patience borrow,
Set a good face, and play't agen to morrow.

FINIS.

THE INTRIGUES AT VERSAILLES: OR, A Jilt in all Humours

A

COMEDY,

ACTED BY

His Majesty's Servants,

AT THE

Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. *D' Urfey.*

Wit will be wit tho' slighted by the Clown,
As Roses sweet tho' Asses tread 'em down.

LONDON,

Printed for *F. Saunders* in the *New-Exchange*, *P. Buck* in *Fleetstreet*, *R. Parker* at the *Royal-Exchange*, and *H. Newman* in the *Poultry*. 1697.

TO THE

HONOURABLE

Sir *Charles Sedley* the Elder, Baronet.

And to the WORTHY, and my Much Honour'd Friend,

Sir *Charles Sedley* his Son.

Most Honour'd,

THis New *Comedy* which I beg leave to Dedicate to ye, when it was first shewn to some Persons of Principal Quality and Judgment, and afterwards Read to Mr. *Congreve* and Mr. *Betterton*, had, from all, the good Fortune, to be esteem'd as one of the Best I have Written: And 'tis from this undisputed Authority that I hope it will, in the Perusal, have the same Value from you; and appear worthy the Honour of your Patronage.

As the World is full of Various Humours, so the Diversions that *Poets* are oblig'd to Invent to satisfy 'em, must be also as various. And tho' 'tis one of the hardest things in the World to do——yet is the failure——(for that time especially) the Intire Loss of an *Author*'s Credit as well as Profit; for an Audience of this Age is destin'd to use neither *Medium*, *Consideration* nor *Modesty*; wholly resolv'd to like what Indulges the Present Humour, tho' Reason, if they thought it worth looking after, would always Inform 'em, that there is often as much Art, Labour and Wit us'd, in what through the Vitiation of the Pallate they have no Rellish for—— As what they willingly swallow with a Voracious Gusto.

It has been my Fortune, through the short Course of my *Poetry*, to run o'er the Rugged Ways of Publick Censure, with as much Indifference as any one; and as I have alwayes Studied Variety to procure Diversion, so have I met with as Various Success—— yet have been easy by Teaching my Self the *Philosophy* of *Patience*, and the Use of that Common Saying, *Many Men have many Minds, and those Many Minds possess'd with more Difficult* [illegible] *tions then gene-* [illegible] *rally*

rally the best Undertaker could satisfy. But to give Instance, that my Industrious Paines have not been wanting to please the Town, if they look into my former Peices, they may find, without much trouble, a Variety, which has not been every Bodies Tallent; they may find, in the *Fond Husband*, Regular *Comedy* with a Good Plot; in the *Boarding-School*, *Satyrical Humour* and *Characters* with another; in the *Marriage Hater*, A Mixture of all digested with Comical Turnes to the last Scene; Also in the *Don Quirro s*, Farsical Scenes of Mirth, mixt with Variety of Divertive Vocal Musick and Dancing, with many others, some from *Stories*, but most wholly my own Inventions, and all of Different Kinds, which have had their several Lots; some have pleased more, some less, according as the Town *Humour* eb'd and flow'd; but generally as 'tis the Fate of things of this kind, have met with Mistaken Judgment; the Meritorious having Indifferent Applause, the Indifferent Extraordinary.

And 'tis in this manner that this last, the *Intrigues at Versailles*, has been us'd by the *Criticks*; Many less Labour'd, and Worthy, have had more Applause; the Model of it being Courtly, and wanting the Farsical *Scenes*, with which the Inconsiderate part of the *Audience* were formerly Entertain'd—— and also the *Turns* requiring observation, and the Whole Contriv'd *Machine* exacting more thought——then is Natural for heads that are Buzzing with other matters in the *Playhouse*, and sit on their Shoulders uneasy in a hot Summer season.

'Tis therefore from the Considerate and Cooler part of the Company from whom I did, in the *Acting*, and shall in the *Reading*, expect Justice; Amongst whom I beg leave to Name you Sir, to whom this Piece is *First Address'd*—— as *Principle*—— Nothing can Judge of Wit so well as Wit; And it has many years been my Advantage, as well as other *Poets*, to be Influenc'd by your Genius, and Instructed by your Admirable Writings and Improving Conversation, I heard the Fame of Sir *Charles Sedley*, as soon as I was capable of hearing, or (I'm sure) understanding such a thing as Fame it self. And your being Bred in your youth, and receiv'd all along in a Community and Friendship with Persons of the most Exalted Spirits, and Uncommon Understandings adorning the then Flourishing Nation, *viz.* The never-enough admir'd Soul, and Genius of *Wit* and *Poetry* the Present Earl of *Dorset*, the late Earl of *Rochester*, and others of their Refin'd Rank, sufficiently gives the World knowledge

ledge of your equal Merit, and spares me the share of Writing further on your Praise, which has so often (much better then I am able to do) been done already.

However, Sir, I must beg ye to give me leave to make use of the *Poets* common gratitude — Thankes, which I think my self never enough Capacitated to pay, when I reflect on your Generous commendation and approvement of my Lyrical quality, and writings of that kind, not only to your friends abroad, but even before the Right Honourable *the Earl of Leicester*, the greatest Incourager and Patron of all the *Muses*, and their forlorn and desolate Sons, to whom I wish all the happiness that Heaven and Earth can give, and that 'twere possible his Life could last like his Fame — This, Sir, from you has given me a Credit which I esteem as a Fortune, and which is not in the power of Malice to destroy.

That word Malice has given me a little occasion for Digression, only to tell you that there is in this Comedy amongst the Characters — One of an old *Beau*, under the Name of the Count *Brissac* — which I hear by some offended, has been perticularly piqu'd at, I could not recommend its defence, Sir, to a person who can better Judge its Innocent nature then your self, having very lately been diverted by a very good Coppy of Verses which I am told are yours, and which I beg leave to insert,

The Young *Lady's* Advice to the Old *Beaux*,

A *SONNET*.

SCrape, scrape no more your Bearded Chins,
Old Beau's *in hopes to please*
You should Repent your former Sins,
Not study their Increase.
Young Fops do daily shock our Sight,
But Old offend both day and Night.

(2.)

In vain the Coachman turns about,
And Whips the Dapple Grayes,
When the Old Oagler *looks out,*
We Turn away the Face.

Youth)

Youth and Gay-Love will ever Charme,
But both affected cannot warm.

(3.)

The Summer Fruits we highly prize,
They kindly cool the Blood;
But Winter Berrys we despise,
And leave 'em in the Wood;
On the Bush they may look well,
But Gather'd, fail in Taste and Smell.

Which Verses are really of so Instructive a Nature, that I could wish my *Critick* could digest 'em, as he ought, with all my heart.

And now, Sir, to you, the happy Son of the *Author* of these and other highly Valu'd things of this kind; I humbly desire a Minutes Address, and that you will be pleas'd to divide with your Father this *Poetical Offering:* Your Judgment I can never doubt, tho' you think it not fit to Write; for, being so nearly related to him in Blood, you must naturally have more than a small Portion of his Genius; you shew all the taking Qualifications for which his Bloom of Youth was Admir'd and Lov'd, except his *Poetry*, which 'tis reason to believe you negligently desert, onely because you observe how barren the returns of Acknowledgment and Praise are in an Age, where Mens Minds are either harrass'd with War, or Numb'd with Ignorance, to a Muse even of his Excellence, which Theame, if ever you do take Pen in hand, I am almost assur'd will be the first—— there being more between you than the ordinary Duty and Love Incumbent between Father and Son, an entire, free, and easie Friendship——Submission with Satisfaction on your side——and Contentment with Pleasure on his, which I have observ'd in the few hours of my Conversation with you, by your frequent Expression of your uncommon Felicity in so good a Father's Indulgence. And, that this happiness between you may last to the utmost Extent of Time and Humane Nature——is the Real Wish

Of Your Oblig'd, and Most Humble Servant,

T. D' Urfey.

PROLOGUE.

AS in Intreagues of Love we find it true,
Stale Faces pall, whilst you are Charm'd with New;
The Poet knowing th' same in Wit prevailes,
Fearing to tire ye with more English Tales,
Has laid his Scene in the French Court, Versailles.
Thus Chang'd your Diet for Variety,
From our Course Cheese of homely huswifry,
To fragrant Angelote, and Cher Fromage du Brie.
He doubts not, many that sit here to day,
That have observ'd the Title to his Play,
Believe 'tis for some Pollitique Essay;
'Gainst this he says, a Proverb gives him Rules,
'Tis never safe to meddle with Edg'd Tooles.
To cause diversion Comick Mirth is best,
Warr's but a dull Occasion for a Jest;
And as in Cudgel Play, we find——no Joke,
From either party, when both heads are broke.
But then perhaps it may expected be,
That he should fall upon French Fopery,
'Tis——true, they have Fools——I gad and so have we;
In Apish Modes they Naturally shine,
But we by Aping them think our selves fine;
The late blew Feather was Charmant divine,
Then the Sawse gathering Sleve and the huge Button;
And now our Coat Flaps broad as Shoulder Mutton,
With various colours fac'd, Red, Green and Sky;
Next year I hope they'll give us Wings to fly,
With Sleeves so large, to cover Nails and all,
And every Button like a Tennis Ball.
No folly's theirs, but we have here as bad,
Their Brains have too much Air and ours have too much Lead;
They swear and Rant in spritely Ela——Sounds,
And ours in Gamut grumble Blood and Ounds.
To coole them they from Sallads seek reliefe,
To warm us, we debauch our selves in Beef;
And when half frantick we to Battle Run,
Preists on both sides ne'r fail to hoot us on.
Without Reflection therefore either Way,
The Cautious Poet has design'd to day,
Nothing but Love intreaguing through his Play;
For sollid Reasons neither party lash'd,
His fury's not so Fierce but may be dash'd;
Wit has no Armour proof 'gainst being Thrash'd,
Therefore in Terror of the Warriours Trade,
Suspends all Satyr till the Peace be made.

Drammatis Personæ, and Characters.

MEN.		
Duke *de Sanserre.*	Proud, and Hot-Spirited; very Amorous, Jealous and Revengeful.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Guillamour.	A young English Lord, a great Intreaguer.	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Count *de Brissac.*	An Old Beau, Ridiculously Apish, and fond of young Company.	Mr. *Boen.*
Count *de Fiesque.*	Witty, Generous, and good Natur'd, but Amorous to a Fault.	Mr. *Hodson.*
Count *de Tonnere.*	Young and Extravaant, Intreagu'd with Lady *Brissac*, and Disguis'd in Womens Clothes, upon the account of a Duel.	Mr. *Bowman.*
Sir *Blunder Bosies.*	A dull sordid Brute, and Mongril whose Humour is, to call every Body by Clownish Names.	Mr. *Underhill.*
Rambure.	An Old Affected Fellow.	Valett to *Fiesque.*
WOMEN.		
Dutch. *de Sanserre*	Poetical, High-Spirited, and Wanton.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Countess *de Brissac.*	Young, Wild, and Extravagant.	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Madam *de Vandosme.*	A Right Jilt in all Humours.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Daubray.	A Retainer, and Spy to the Duke *de Sanserre.*	Mrs. *Willis.*
La Busque.	Confident to the Dutchess.	Mrs. *Lawson.*
Grossiere, Page to *Sanserre.*	A Finical Jilt, Confident to *Vandosme.*	Mrs. *Leigh.*

Singers, Dancers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, *VERSAILLES.*

THE Intrigues at Versailes.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Count de Fiesque, *as newly Dreſt*, Valet *following*.

De Fies. HEy, *Ramburc.*

Ram. Monſieur——Vat is your Plaiſire?

De Fies. Go to the Count *de Tonnere's* Chamber, and ſee if he be Stirring.

Ram. Begarr, he be noe onely ſtirr himſelf, but me tink he have ſtirre all the Whole Varle beſide dis Morning; vor dere have bin in de Street de greata Fiddel, and de leetel Fiddel, de greata Pipe, and de leetel Pipe, Drum, Drum, Drum; Squeeka, Squeeka, Squeek; Oh Diable! me have no Sleep all this Night Begarr.

De Fies. Ha, ha, ha, What has he been Serrenaded?

Ram. Begarr, Monſieur, me have de ver great reaſon to believe de Count is vat you call a Frantick Perſon, dat is, he have but leetel here, * dat is, he have no ſound Brain Begarr, [* *Points to his Forehead.*

De Fies. Oh you are a great Judge of Braines, Sir, I believe: And what makes you think ſo, Blockhead?

Ram. Morbleau, De reaſon me think is very plain, he come here in de Womans Clothes for Diſguiſe, in viſh he look ver much like de great Whore Begarr; de likeneſs of de Whore draw de Foole and de Fidler, the Fidler he draw de whole Varle to Stare, Stare—— And vere den is his Braine to tinke he can be diſguiſe? Ha, ha, ha——

De Fies. Was there ever ſuch a Coxcomb?——Why thou talk'ſt of him, as if he Conceal'd himſelf for a Burglary——But, Sir, pray let your Diſcretion be now Inform'd, that his is only a Diſguiſe of Honour, till he can get his Pardon of the King, who is, at preſent, a little Angry with him about a Duel he lately Fought; So that if the Womans Clothes he weares don't Conceal him from Cowardly *Poltroons*, he is certain, however, of every Man of Honour's Protection.

Ram. Ver good; vil de Man of Honour Protect him for de Duell, against de King's Positive Command, dat is ver fine——Begarr, Monsieur, dat Man of Honour, like your self, that wil defenda him for de kill; de Man of Honour, like my self, commit de worst Burglary in de Whole Varl, and deserve to be hang Begarr.

De Fies. Well, Sir, Pray get you about your Message——and Release me from your Casuistical Opinions——I took you into my Service, Sir, for your skill in Pimping, not your Judgment of Prowess: Will you go, Sir?

Ram. Pimping, vat dam word be dat for de Man of Honour; Begar, it turna my Stomach, and spoila mine Breakfast——he bien, Monsieur, I goe—de Pimpa——*Morbleau*—I go, Sir, I goe—— Oh here come de Count himself.

Enter Tonnerre *dress in Womens Cloathes.*

Tonn. Dear *Fiesque*, Good Morrow to thee; Gad I have so long'd to see thee——that I had hardly patience to give 'em time to Dress me in my Female Trinketts here; thy Pleasant Conversation, and some few Ravishing Thoughts on the Dear Angel I Adore, are the onely Consolation I have in my Confinement; hark, I tell thee News, Wilt thou believe it? I have been Serenaded to Night, Ha, ha, ha.

De Fies. Serenaded, Is that all——Gad, for my part, I wonder thou remainst on Earth, here, in a Condition of Mortality; such Cœlestial Beauty, methinks, some Amorous God should be ready to seize every moment; some Jove should come dazling in Golden Showers; or, as a Bull mount thee, like Fair *Europa*, then swiftly bear thee, through the *Helespont*, to some Sweet Bower of Love: What Gut-scraping Coxcomb has now been Insipidly Sacrifising? What Guittar-Thrasher, Thrum, thrum, thrum? What Madrigal Chanter with a Love-trilling A——h me, that makes me Sweat to hear him?—Or what Pittiful Pipero, with a Toodle, Toodle, Toodle,—has been profaning the Eares of so Admirable a Beauty.

Tonn. Why this Admirable Beauty, Sir, since you are pleas'd to divert your Self so with it, has, to its Eternal Fame, gain'd an entire Victory upon the old Count *Brissac*, whose Charming Wife thou know'st I have been so long in Love with.

De Fies. Ay Count, and not without Satisfactory Returns on her Side too——Your Secret has been blown upon, I can tell ye; The Court has heard Publick Information, perticularly, of your Late Journey to see her in the Country, disguis'd like a Pilgrim——What a Strong Fit of Devotion she had every day to be Closetted up at Prayers with the Holy Pilgrim; How often she would Puke, and be Sick, that the Pilgrim might be sent for; And what strange Benefits she made her Credulous Husband believe she found in her Boddily Health, through the Force of the Pilgrims Sanctified Beads and Sprinklings, Ha, ha, ha.

Tonn. The truth is, never was Intreague better manag'd for some time——for Nature certainly did never produce a better Stock to Graft Cockoldom upon, then Old *Brissac*, for he has so great a Fondness for himself, and is always so blindly partial to his own Abilities——that his heart

heart is still at Ease about his Wife, nor would he ever have suspected us, had not *Cavoys*, that prying Coxcomb her Brother, discovering, done us the Mischief, upon which follow'd the Duel, in which he was Wounded, and I made shift to get hither in this Disguise.

De Fies. But how came *Brissac* to follow, that part of the Story, is still a Mystery?

Tonn. Why, as the Devil would have it, he happening to be be acquainted with the Lady that helpt to Disguise me, came hither, and found me Just Dreſt as you see: But, to hear how many Oathes he Swore he was smitten with me, to see the Old Beau Cock at me, and Smicker with his Grizl'd Chops, and frisk up and down like an Old Ape, would have put one into a Fit of a Convulsion with Extremity of Laughter.

De Fies. And in persuance of this Intreague, he has follow'd ye hither to *Versailes*.

Tonn. Yes, Faith, and is as Hot and Eager upon the Scent, as the youngest Hound in a Pack. And since I am sure he knows me not, it may chance to give occasion for some Scenes of Pleasant Diversion, for to Crown my Joy, the Dutchess *Sanserre* her Sister, told me last Night, that taking this Advantage of her Husbands absence, she resolv'd upon a Frolick also hither in Disguise.

De Fies. Very good——why faith now taking all things into nice Consideration, here is laid, between the Sisters, as pretty a well-modell'd compact Design for Cuckold-making, as heart can wish; for I have long had my self an old Love-Grudge to the Dutchess——tho' my Pretty New Mistress *Vandosme* has lately——allay'd it; besides, I know the young *English Guillamour* is now Lord of the Ascendant there, which makes the Hot-Spirited Jealous Duke ferment perpetually——

Tonn. Prithee what is that *Guillamour?*

De Fies. Why, faith, a Man of Worth enough; brave, witty. and handsome; he came hither just before the War broke out, in his return from Travel: he's one that has all along profess'd an unbyass'd Candour for his Country, and their present King, for which he was some time Imprison'd in the *Bastile*, till by the Power and Interest of the Duke *de Crequi*, his intimate Friend, he was set at Liberty; and now only stays till some private Affairs are dispatch'd, and then returns to *England*.

Enter Rambure.

Ram. Monsieur——you may remember just now, you call me de Pimp; me come now to tell you, dat dere is below de Old Madamoselle, dat use to bring de young Prett——Womans, de Masquerele——de She-Pimpa begar would speak with you.

De Fies. Irreverend Rogue, D'e know who you speak of? Shee's an Emisary from the God of Love, ye Dog, therefore I charge ye goe and Introduce her with Ceremony.

Ram. Me voud kick her vid Ceremony begar vid all mine heart. [*Exit.*

Vand. Money, Money, ye Ass, Money —— (*eagerly.*)

Gross. Besides, a Love so endearing and he himself so indefatigable in proving it that even I my self that have been season'd in your principles, and bred as very a Jilt as your self —— I beg your pardon, Madam I cannot help owning his Perfection —— can you deny this —— has he any equal?

Vand. Money, Money, Money, Money, Money, Money. (*sings.*)

Gross. Damnation on Money, have I not seen you sometimes in your freak, throw it like dirt about the room; nay, what has vext me to the Soul, and seems almost incredible —— to a fellow you have fancy'd I have seen you refund; a thing unnatural to the two great damning functions of the World, Whores and Lawyers.

Vand. Pish, thy Soul is so sordidly mercenary, it can set no value upon pleasure, which as well as I love Money, I always fix the highest rate upon. Besides, Bullion may be scarce, and then to Traffick with Goods for other Goods will be practicable. And don't you believe, I diot, but that if ever I refund my Money, I have a prospect of other returns, —— Hark, that's the Count's knock, —— away, and remember your cue, leave me to manage him. [*knocks within, Exit* Vandosme.

Gross. Examples in all things like this are found,

Some chowse, others are chows'd, and so the World goes round

Exit Grossiere.

Re enter Vendosme *with* Fiesque.

Fies. You cannot blame me, Madam, if after some late passages I am surpriz'd, to find my self summon'd hither by so obliging a Letter, T so extravagant a turn, that I fear I dream, or am in Fairy-land, where joys are only visionary. Pray resolve me, are you thus kind indeed, is it substantial happiness?

Vand. Pray sit down —— (*softly*) [*They sit, she looks kindly on him.*]

Fies. How irresistable are Beauty's charms, when such a gentle softness makes addition —— hah —— Tears too (*she weeps.*) Oh, you know I am not proof against 'em —— whoever those dear pearly Treasures fall for, I am most prone to grieve.

Vand. They only fall for you.

Fies. Nay, do not kill me quite —— A phrase like that, if true, wou'd murder me with Rapture —— for Charity's sake, abuse me not so grossly, nor use my oft-try'd fondness to my ruine.

Vand. I do confess you ought not to believe, if my past faults sway your consideration. But, Sir, the vilest Creature may repent: Though I have sinn'd, I am not reprobate; by all the sacred powers they are for you, and could Repentance this way merit pardon, thus they should drop eternally.

Fies. For me, for poor neglected me? What can I think of this!

Vand. Think me no real Devil, and every other wickedness I do confess, I've been in my ingratitude, for I have us'd the best of men most vilely, but oh my Conscience now flies in my face —— now now —— I smart for't —— [*sobs and weeps.*]

Fiesq. Is it possible!

Vand. It is, dear Sir, it is——believe these Sighs, these true repentant Words and real Tears—— [*crying out.*]

Fiesq. The brightest Jems that Beauty can put on, to make her self more lovely —— oh, who can resist 'em, [*looks amorously on her.*]

Vand. I wrong'd your Love, by an intrigue with *Guillamour*; your true, your generous, your perfect Love, that valued me in spight of Injuries. I own it, Sir, and thus low beg your pardon. [*Kneels, and tears her Gloves and Ribbands.*] Oh, I could stab or tear my self in pieces, when I reflect upon my baseness to ye.

Fiesq. Nay, nay, sweet——no violence, I do forgive thee all.

Vand. Can you be so good,

Fiesq. So good! why hadst thou murder'd all my Family, ruin'd my Fortune, consum'd my Health, done Injuries above all human malice; yet, pleading in this posture, with those Tears, that lovely look, so us'd to charm my Heart, I should forgive thee: Oh thou sweet influencer —— [*Embraces her eagerly.*]

Vand. Charming, kind *Fiesque*——if I prove false agen——

Fiesq. Oh, I cannot doubt thee; this must be now the last of all our differences, forget but *Guillamour*, and then, my Love——

Vand. Forget him, yes, and for substantial reasons, my dear friend, for as you gave me a hint lately, I find he made me only a Minutes property, whilst his more lasting intrigue was with another, Witness the Picture and Letter which you found of his——I know he will visit me agen, to renew with me upon better leisure: And if I had but either of them to fling in his face now, I should fit him rarely: What have you done with 'em, my dearest?

Fiesq. Why, Faith upon a high point of generosity, I gave him the Picture agen, but for the Letter——

Vand. Oh, if you have but that 'twill be enough——look in your Pocket, dear Sir, and give it me to show him, and he shall know nothing but that I found it. I know the sight of it, I must give occasion for such a quarrel, as will be past all reconcilement, which is my design, for then I am yours entirely—— [*embracing him.*]

Fiesq. She has me agen——nor can I, for my Soul, help believing every word she says. Well, tho we are reconciled, and do I give her this Letter, to compleat my Revenge upon *Guillamour*, she shall excuse my present design upon the Dutchess, or else I am not even with her: Her having it hinders me nothing, I know the contents well enough. There 'tis, Child, and let it, as you say, be thought as if you found it.

Vand. It shall, and doubt not but you shall be pleas'd with the effects of it.

Enter Grossiere, *and whispers.*

Gross. She has her ends, and now 'tis my time to enter.

Vand. Oh hang him, she tell me, my dear, that nauseous fool: *Sir Blunder Bosse* is come to visit me, I'm sure you can't be jealous of that

Mon-

Monster; but I would not have him see you with me, because you know 't is such a prating fool —

Fief. Ay, he is so, therefore dear Child, for the present adieu. [*kiss her, and Exit.*] I m glad it hapned thus, for this being the hour, I should else have been puzled for an excuse to get away to the Dutchess. Humph! A double intrigue upon my hands, and with two such Angels the Devil s in't if I am not a happy Man now.

Vand. So, here's the Letter, and in it the utter ruine of *Guillamour's* intrigue with his fine Poetical Lady; I'll teach her to call me he fool — ha, ha, ha, and then I can't forbear Laughing, to think how artificially I have play'd this last Tear-shedding Scene — Here prethee take away the nasty Onion and Handkerchief, and give me another dipt in some Orange-flower Water to wipe my fingers. [*She gives her water.*

Gross. Nay, you are a rare Actress, I'll say that for you — What, and you are resolv'd then that Beast *Blunder* shall come.

Vand. Come, fool, yes, and this minute too; I'll supple my Face with a little Pomatum and Powder, to get it in order, and then let him enter.

Gross. Pox on him, I can hardly endure the thoughts of him. Well be sure you seize his Money on the first Attack, or else, the Devil take me, if I shall not rail outright. *Exit* Vand.

Exit Grossiere, *and presently Re-enters with* Sir Blunder.

Sir Bl. Harkee, you Flea-bitten, thou seemst to be a very good necessary Quean, prethee get a Faggot or two into the next room against we come in — I have stay'd so long there without Fire, that, gadzooks, I'm damnably cold.

Gross. And where's the Money? without Money you may get 'em your self, if you please; for my part I don't owe ye so much service.

Sir B. Why, how now, ye piece of old Hat, what are ye musty? the Jade's as musty as a stale pot of Marmalade of her own making.

Enter Vandosme.

What sayst thou my pretty Baggage of ten thousand, shan't we have a Fire and a Bottle? ha.

Vand. Ay, by all means, Sir *Grossiere*, hold your Tongue, go and get a Fire.

Sir B. Ay, do do, old Tag-snapper, and then look to the Door, do ye hear, that no body come and disturb us — why, what ye lowring Jade, you know your function sure. *Ex.* Gross. *frowning.*

Vand. She s gone, Sir; and in the mean time pray come and sit down. [*They sit down at a Table.*

Sir B. Where's Money a sawcy Sow; Gad my Credit's very bad sure, if 'twon't go for the price of a Faggot — And I think here's a Witness strong enough to shew, that the Family of the *Bossiers* have to be stingy. There s a hundred Louisd' Ors for ye, ye little twinckling Devil; and now give me a buss.

Vand. Your humble Servant, Sir, — a hundred Louisd'Ors, why, then

then the Devil take me, if the man be half so disagreeable, as I thought him. *(aside.)*

Sir B. Gad the Gipsie has a pure tickling touch with her; her Lips are as soft as Butter, they almost melt in my Mouth. Gadzooks I like her better than my former Punck the Potato-woman, a thousand times.

Vand. I warrant he'd cuff lustily, before A Woman should be taken from him——I like such a well-set Fellow, do ye hear; bring a Flask of Champaign hither.

Sir B. Why, well said? Gad I must have t'other Buss, I must Faith. Hearkee, dost hear, I can't Complement and play the Fool, as the Coxcomby, Flashy, Town Sons-of-Whores do, but I love thee soundly; and, gadzooks, will give thee as hearty proof on't, as e're a fellow in Christendom.

Vand. Indeed, Sir, I'm extremely inclin'd to believe ye, your Air and Shape, shews ye to be a very good friend to a Woman.——

Sir B. Nay, thou seest I'm lusty enough, if that will do't: My back is three quarters broad, measur'd by a Dutch Burgo-master's Yard, and the Calf of my Leg, eighteen Inches Diameter.

Vand. Well, I know not what ails me, but, methinks the blunt humour of this fellow wins me strangely; methinks there's something so very new in him. *(aside.)*

Sir B. Pox on your cringing flashy Coxcombs——Come Chuck, sit down, and to make us merry, I have two English Chairmen without, shall sing a humour made upon on of those Puppies——Hey, Chairmen, come in their, bring the Chair, and Act it as you us'd to do.

Re-enter Grossiere, *and Butler, with a Flask. Enter 2 Chairmen with a Chair.*

A new Dialogue, sung between two Chairmen, supp'os'd to be waiting all Night at a Tavern-door, for a Town-Rake.

1 Ch. HEy hoe, hey hoe, hey hoe—— [yawning]
The Clock has just struck four,
The Chimes to tell the hour;
And morning Cocks that Crow, hey hoe, hoe.

2 Ch. *My Lord, *my Lord, my Lord—* [*yawns betwixt each word.]
My mad Lord Rantipoll
Says now his Guts are full,
Will think 'tis time to go——hey hoe, hey hoe.

1 Ch. *No, 'tis too soon, he's not yet Crown'd with Top,*
Faith, Tom, we's down,
Pox on him, he may wait a long, till the Sun be up.

2 Ch. *Odsbud, as soon as I am grown,*
I'd rather lye in musty Crown

1 Ch. *And so had I*
Confound me if I lye,
Then wait on such a Fop.
2 Ch. *What pranks has he been playing all this day,*
1 Ch. *Before, and since, we brought him to the Play.*
2 Ch. *He pull'd a Parson by the Ears,*
As he was going to say Prayers,
And Rabbit like from Cassack strip't.
1 Ch. *Next morning met a Senator*
And him through Midrift whip't.
2 Ch. *Yon Rogue says he, I'll maul you for*
The want of Money in the Nation,
Land Taxes, and the Damning Capitation.
1 Ch. *Windows breaking,*
2 Ch. *Children scaring,*
1 Ch. *Women Ruffling,*
2 Ch. *Cuckolds daring,*
1 Ch. *Bullies frighting, slow of fighting,*
2 Ch. *Nor old nor young, degree nor Sexes sparing.*
Both. *Nor old nor &c.*
1 Ch. *He twice rout, d the Mob*
2 Ch. *And we twice releiv'd him:*
1 Ch. *From* Counter *and* Newgate,
2 Ch. *Gallows reprieve'd him.*
1 Ch. *By handling our Poles, and stout words of defiance,*
2 Ch. *We brought him off safe to the* Theatre-Royal:
1 Ch. *But no sooner got there, and secure from the Rout,*
2 Ch. *When this troublesom Bear puts the Actors all out.*
By squabling in the Pit
With a Rake-hell he met.
1 Ch. *About two confounded Whores,*
Who convey'd him out of doors.
And for Supper at last, sav'd the Fool and his Feather,
2 Ch. *And here in the Tavern- they're drunk altogether.*
Both. *And here, &c.*

Chorus.

Then, *Tom*, to th' Army let's away,
Nor longer wait at Tavern door,
But take King *William*'s Royal Pay,
Sit up all Night, and Pimp no more.
Whilst they, like two Bitches, and he a third Brute,
Feel the Constable's Clutches, or trudge home a foot.

Gruff. Oh, she has the Purse, I see. Well, there's Fire now.

Sir Bl.

Sir Bl. Oh, that's well, tho, Gad I'm warmer by a great deal than I was: Give me a Woman I can excuſe a Faggot at any time.

Vand. Nay, I believe a very little bruſh would kindle your Faggot, Sir. Come, here's your Health in a Bumper. [*Fills a Beer Glaſs and drinks.*]

Sir B. Why, Gad-a-mercy —— ah, well drawn faith, —— gad I muſt diſpatch quickly, I ſee the Jade will make me Drunk elſe. Come here's thy Health now, and zooks, to the happy Minute. [*He drinks.*] Gad I have mauld her already, the ſilly Fool's in love with me, ha, ha, ha.

Groſſ. What a Devil does ſhe mean by their Advances? [*the Ogles & Smiles.*]

Sir B. Come, we're ſtand ſimpering for the matter; doſt love me, my Luſious *Landabrides.*

Vand. By all the Arts of Woman-kind I do, [*aſide, ſhe drinks agen*] he has bewitch'd me ſure —— what if I ſhould, Sir, (*to him*)

Groſſ. Marry, the Devil fetch him firſt —— what dee mean, Madam.

Sir B. Hearkee, Goodee *Crape*, get you to your Poſt, or I have ſuch a Salt-Eel in my Pocket for ye, (*he drinks agen.*)

Vand. Huſwife, get you gone —— *ſhe drinks.*

Groſſ. Get me gone, Madam?

Sir B. Ay, get you gone, Huſwife, Jade, Cockatrice, oons, I'll maul ye elſe. *he drinks.*

Groſſ. 'Sdlife, here's likely to be fine work indeed, by her eager Ogling him, on my Conſcience; ſhe loves the Brute and then ſhe's ruin'd and I too.

Sir B. Gad, thou canſt not deny't, I ſee it plainly now, I ſee it in thy Phiz, thou doſt love me.—Why how now, ye ſimple Quean you, why, what are ye aſham'd to own it.

Vand. If you can be grateful, I muſt own it: Come, I've a cold Treat within, we'll go and eat it.

Sir Bl. Ay, with all my heart, zooks, what a lucky dog am I. Nay, Faith, let me be Purſe-bearer too then, let my gratitude appear altogether, (*takes the Purſe from her*

Groſſ. Zoons, you won't part from the Money, Madam.

Sir B. Not with the Money, Sawcy-face, why who ſhall hinder? Hearkee, hold your Tongue, or — [*ſhakes the Rope.*

Groſſ. Hinder it! Sdlife I'll hinder it — why, what are ye Mad — dee know what you are doing. *ſnatches the Purſe from him.*

Vand. Why how now, impudence, dare you diſpute my Actions, Huſwife, give it me, or I'll tear your Eyes out. [*Pulls off her Head cloaths, and takes away the Purſe.*]

Sir B. You are an impudent Slut indeed, to dare to diſpute our Actions. Come little *Bona-roba*, let's go in and eat, humph, make your Curtſie and ſhew reſpect to your Maſter and Lady, ye Jade (*to G. then Ex. leading* Van.

Groſſ. Ten thouſand Furies take her, is there in nature ſuch another Succubus, not only to oblige her ſelf to a Monſter like him, but in the Devils name, in her Cups, to refund his Money too: Oh, I ſhall run diſtracted at the thought on't, and ſhe has vex'd me ſo, that I have a good mind to ſet Fire to the Lodgings, and burn 'em about her Ears, ſenſeleſs Devil, 'dſdeath, to pervert the main Topick of our function.

Subtlety, againſt method we refund our Gains,
Hang the Coquet, the Cully wears the Ribbons. *Exit.* G. 2 SCENE

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Duchess, Sanserre, Lady Brissac and Tonnerre.

L. Sans. Then sister, you are resolv'd, you say, to go to this Masquerade, at the Duke *de Crequi's*—since your last scape from your Husband, I swear you grow as bold as a Lyon.

L. Briss. I have some thoughts of going, and yet the Musick that I hear is to be at the Marquis *de la Fare's*, makes me lean a little on t'other side——or else there's Basset at my Lady *Cavey's*, what if I should go and venture twenty Pistoles there.

Tonn. Ay, where the old Count your Husband comes every night to play, who, squatting down by you on the suddain, desires the civility to go your halfes. Well, if you will run these Risques, Madam, e'en get out of 'em as you can; for my part, I have ne're another *Judas* kiss for him — a plague of Bristles, he half flead my face with the last.

L. Briss. Nay, you ought indeed, to brag of that exploit, for I never knew a kiss that did a Woman any kindness before.

Tonn. Oh, you must allow it a pretty Preludium to loves Musick.

L. Briss. I remember I read once, a strange, old, dry-headed Poet, that was damnably puzled to find out the Etimology of it; amongst all fancies, says he—ay,——'tis so.

Among all fancies, tell me this,
Whence came the whim, we call a kiss.

L. Sans. Well, and there's another old Rhimer, as great a Crambonian as himself, that answers pat thus———

From Infant Pleasure got and bred,
Upon the Lips still blushing red,
By warm desire always fed,
And makes more sweet the Bridal Bed.

Tonn. Why, God-a-mercy *Dogrill*, gad there's a conceit or two in this, tollerably well.

L. Sans. Ay, ay, and will do very well, to employ your thoughts upon in another quarter of the Garden. Go, go, get you gone thither. This is Fairy-land, a place where I always exercise my Poetical Talents.

L. Briss. What thus, in the Dark, Sister, why you cant see to write.

L. Sans. But I can see well enough to think; and if you don't go quickly, my first thought will be, that you are impertinent if you ask any more questions. Besides, darkness is naturally a confiner of fancy; and my Muse has taught me just as people do Starlings: I sing always best when I've least light: Go, go, get ye gone, I say.

L. Briss. I believe sweet Sister Sterling, yours is a tenth Muse and of Male-kind, who teaches you so well with his Flageler, that Company and all other Music is tedious to ye. Well, adieu, we won't hinder your proficiency. I hope I shall pitch upon some pleasurable diversion, to make me amends for your absence. I'll to the Musick, stay, or to the Comedy,

medy, hold, or to the Basset, or to the Masquerade, or, or, — or some where, cod I can't tell where yet; come Count.

Tom. Come Count, ay but where, where the Devil must I come?

L. Sans. Why, come away, I tell ye I can't tell where yet; nay, if you grow resty, farwel ye. *Runs off.*

Tom. Whiew! She'll be at the *Indies* within this half hour: Resty! gad I think I have some reason, I'm just I'm ran hard. *Exit.*

L. Sans. I'm glad her giddy head has hurried her away so opportunely, for the happy minute just now comes on when I ought to enjoy my dear *Guillamour's* Conversation — and hark, methinks I hear some walking; ay, 'tis certainly he, and *La Busque*, for she has been waiting at the Garden-door above this half hour. *Enter* Fiesque *and* La Busque.

La B. There Sir, that's the way into the Arbor; I'll now go in and see whither the Duke be in his Closet still. *Exit.*

Fies. So, she mistakes me happily; and thus far propitious fortune is favourable; let me but manage my Voice well, the rest will all be easie. *Exit.*

Guillamour *turns over the Wall.*

Guill. The happy Ladder that I found hard by here, in a corner of a House that's new building, has done me signal service; but yet, I can't but wonder, why *la Busque* should be from the door, but, perhaps my Watch went wrong, and I have mistook the hour — her diligence else doubtless had not been wanting; for which — besides — this Purse that I have brought her here, I know her Lady's favours are not trivial (*shews a Purse*) Stay, this must be the Arbor, — hah, and sure I hear some bustling, — 'tis certainly she, — the kind Soul was impatient, and is gone hither before me.

Re-enter Fiesque, *and Lady* Sanserre.

L. Sans. Why don't you speak to me, — am I grown stale, that you afford me now but half the joy I us'd to have.

Guill. Hah!

Fies. I'm only speechless, with excess of Rapture.

Guill. The Devil ye are, Furies and Hell I'm jilted; and to confirm it with the strongest proof, have catch'd her in the Fact. Come, Sir, guard your self who e're you are, I'll give ye some fair play. *He strikes* Fiesque *turns and fights.*

Fies. Hah! — 'tis sure the Duke — now darkness favour me. *Exit.*

Guill. Ah curse of Cowardize, and the clowded Stars, are ye got from me, but I shall grope ye out. [*in fighting he drops his Purse.*]

L. Sans. Oh, softly, dear my Lord, and do but hear me —

Guill. Witch, Traiterous Devil, — I had rather hear a Mandrake Groan, or a Toad croaking Vespers.

L. Sans. By all that's good, I'm innocent in Will.

Guill. By all ill, that's thy self, I'll be revenge'd.

Sans. (*within*) Lights, lights there — hey, within, bring lights there.

Guill. So, that's well, still let the Cuckold play his horn part, I'll try

to find out the Intriguer to inform him further. (*La Busque* doubtless can do it) and I'll bribe high to charm her. (*aside*) And so vile Creature, farewel for ever. *Exit.*

L. Sans. I am so confounded —— I have lost my Sences; Thieves, Thieves.

Re-enter La Busque *and* Sanserne *Arm'd, Servants with Lights.*

Lights, lights —— O my Lord I'm heartily glad you're come, I've been so horribly frighted with Thieves.

Sans. Thieves —— what a Devil make you here?

L. Sans. 'Tis my custom, my Lord, (how I tremble!) I do so every night after Supper, (I can hardly breathe!) to exercise my Poetical fancy.

Sans. O plague on your fancy —— this cursed Poetry has made more Cuckolds than all the rest of the Liberal Sciences together: Go, search round the Garden Letts, see what sort of Thieves these are. *Ex. Servants.*

La Bus. He you take for a Thief is far enough from thee by this time I hope, for I left the Key in the door. *aside.*

Sans. If I mistake not, I heard a clashing of Swords; what were they fighting about their Booty before they had it? or were you that part of my Goods and Chattels they were tilting for, hah? they chose but an ill place for't here among the Flower-knots: How now, what's here? A Purse under my feet —— 'Tis so, 'dearth, and crammed with Gold! ah, 'tis plain now, these Rogues were too rich to come hither for Money, that could so carelessly drop a Treasure here.

L. Sans. A Purse! oh Heavens what shall I say now! (*aside.*) Oh, I have it —— Oh, bless me, the fright I was in has made me drop my Purse too —— Pray give it me, my Lord, 'tis my Card money, I have been lucky of late at *Basset*, and improv'd my allowance by good fortune.

Sans. Your Purse?

L. Sans. Mine! mine, who's should it be else? Nay, pray my Lord don't open it, there's some small Gold amongst the rest, and you may drop a piece or two.

Sans. You are as eager to hinder me, as if some little dandiprat Gallant of yours were lurking here, but I am resolv'd to know its inside however, —— that I may say once in my life, Madam, I have div'd to the bottom of our Intellects —— oh, here's a Paper too, a *Billet doux* I'll lay my life.

L. Sans. Ten to one he's in the right, and then I'm ruin'd past redemption —— Oh horrid, is it possible you should still plague me with your jealousie. Curse on't, if I had but taken a little faster hold —

Sans. Oh, is your Ladiship nettled, does the curious secret press ye so strongly, that you strive to tear the [*snatching from the Paper*] Paper —— tis excellent, —— but if I mistake not, here's enough left still to give me knowledge of your virtuous inclinations —— humph —— let me see, t —— dear, dear, Mr. *la Busque.*

L. B. O Lord me, —— odds heart the Letter to me, and ten to one but the Purse too —— oh good.

Sans.

Sans. [reads.] *Tho you [illegible] the lovely tender of my [illegible], I would hardly you believe that I [illegible] your [illegible]; for [illegible] your late dilig[illegible] to serve me, can be [illegible] well rewarded.* —— [her late diligence—very good] *Let but our Intrigue be still carried on cunningly, and then for the Horn-mad jealous D* —— *and here the rest is torn* —— *D* —— *what the Devil follows you* —— *Hell and Furies* —— *the letter D* —— *begins Duke* —— *Curse on't, it must be so* —— *for what else can it stand for.*

L. Sans. Stand for —— D —— D —— why, why, D.D —— stands for Doctor —— ha, ha —— *L. Bugner*, 'tis thy Letter the Son-sent thee —— which I found and put in my purse to keep for thee. Come I hope you'll give me my Money now.

Sans. Humph —— the Devil has got her off agen —— here's no certainty, tho there be plagry circumstances? [*gives her the Purse.*

Le B. Yes, yes, Madam, I remember the Letter very well, and the Purse too, Madam.

Le Sans. Ay, ay, I know thou dost; you remember I told you when I won it.

Le B. Not I, Madam, I remember nothing of that, but you must needs know, Madam ——

L. Sans. I do so, as well as if it were done but yesterday; and prithee come in with me, and I'll tell thee more of him and thee, and them, the Money, and my self, and every thing, for I dare not speak a word more here, for fear my Lord should be jealous. *Exit in haste.*

L. B. Dslife, what's all this banter, this shall not pass upon me. — God I'll discover all rather than lose the Purse; I can tell her, that —— *Ex. after.*

Re-enter Servants with Lights.

Serv. There's no one in the Garden, my Lord, but we have found the back door open, and suppose the Thieves are gone out that way.

Sans. These might be Thieves, 'tis true, and they might be Cuckold-makers. Damn that thought, how it stings me; oh how insupportable a Torment is doubt, in a condition of Life from which men ought to expect all quiet and security: They may talk of Local-hells I know not where, but that poor Husbands Bosom feels the hottest that doubts, and yet must Love. — How now? [*Enter Dashwell.*] *Dashwell.*

Dash. Ay, my Lord, I have been [illegible] to do you service, ever since the last time I saw ye, and now I think I may truly say, my intelligence is to the purpose, —— for I have unravell'd such a secret ——

Sans. Hell [illegible] gnaw it me, at once, I have a stinging pain.

Dash. [illegible] yesterday, when your Grace was gone out, [illegible] Fellow with my Lady.

Sans. So!

Dash. And to-day, my Lord, he was here agen, but had disguis'd himself —— I suppose cunningly to prevent my discovery, in Women's Cloaths.

Sans. Women's Cloaths? —— good.

Dash. But for all his subtlety, I suspected at first it was the face again, and to be sure of it, I watch'd narrow so closely, that going into *La Bugner's*

Close,

Closet after she had gone out, and [illegible] did there, amongst my Lady's foul Linnen, [illegible] Garment, the very same that I [illegible] wear the day before. [illegible]

Sanf. The Devil——

Dash. Ay, the Devil indeed, as you say, my Lord, for it puts me so in mind of an ill Husband I had once, who was always a very infirm consumptive person; and it brings such things into my head, that I vow to God I hate the Garment of all others, I have a perfect aversion for the Garment.

Sanf. A plague on the Garment, it brings some things into my head too that are not very agreeable; But come to the purpose, dear diligence——cai I, think st thou, surprise the Dog with her?

Dash. Without fail, my Lord; come in with me and I'll put your Lordship in a way immediately.

Sanf. Dispatch then, I'll follow thee. —— Oh, thou absurd Philosopher that against human ills did preach up patience, how art thou baffled here? A Cuckolds case, I find poor lazy Drone, was one of thy study, Plague, Death and Hell? What strange new unknown punishment shall I contrive for her? hah, let me see; keep her from Meat a month, and starve Concupiscence? no, that won't do, or shall I cut her piece meal? that's impossible —— her impudence has grown so hardened by [illegible] that she'll exceed the valiant *Greek* of old, and prove her self all o're impenetrable. Well then, to smother her with her own Pillow, the accessary Pillow —— good, then to the *Forum* like renowned *Brutus*, and tell the weighty reason with large Caveat.

To all the Human Race that hate a wife
Their Married State, run mad with hot and [illegible] *Exit.*

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Guillemour, and La Rusche.

Guil. IF thou art true and [illegible] injustice done thee, thou art not [illegible] Wife and Spirit, let thy Lady [illegible] fore [illegible] where to deny giving the Purse I ordered thee, [illegible]

La R. She put [illegible] me to do first, but [illegible] Purse, my Lord, [illegible] how like Birdlime Money sticks to her! [illegible] but she'd borrow it agen in two days time; she's the very Devil at that trick.

Guil. Dilheart, and that very trick should [illegible] time. Come, come, Sweet-heart, she's all over ingratitude; join therefore with me, and let us revenge our selves; she has barely us'd thee for all thy diligent Services. Take now the opportunity and right thy self, she has [illegible] to me and my Love, and for my part I am resolved I'll never forgive her.

La R.

La B. Gad, if I have not the Purse between this and seven a Clock at night, I will have my revenge, I will discover something that —— Well, I say no more.

Guill. So, the secret is bubling upwards, 'twill come out presently, t'other ten Pistoles, and she disgorges. (*aside*) How, say no more, gad but thou shalt say more, and discover all too, ——— and let the Purse be damn'd, with her ingratitude, here's (*gives her Gold*) something in lieu of it, which, influencing Conscience and improving thy good Nature, shall Bribe thee to be mine: Come, come. the discovery. Nay, nay, no demurring Child, but out with it, fear her not, from henceforth I'll take care of thee.

La B. Why truly, I must needs say, your Lordship has taken the only, and most moving method in the world to engage me. [*Looking on the Gold.*]

Guill. Ay, no doubt on t, the Conjurer Gold can never fail in charming. *aside.*

La B. Which is your Lordship's tender applying it to my Conscience, for Conscience I assure your Lordship goes a great [*still looking on his Gold*] way with me, and really that was always the main thing I blam'd in my Lady. If the Woman had had but a Conscience, I could never have betray'd her secret; but to be so horridly unconscientious to keep my Purse from me in the first place.

Guill. Ha, ha, the Purse still, that Purse lies damnably heavy upon her Stomach, all will out I find. (*aside*)

La B. Then in the next place, to use your own words to be ungenerously false, to so fine a person as your Lordship.

Guill. Oh, your humble Servant.

La B. So well made, so beautiful a person as your Lordship.

Guill. Nay, nay, sweet Mrs. *L Busque*, what d'ye mean.

La B. Nay, more, so beautiful, so super-fine a person as your Lordship.

Guill. Oh fye, this is too much by half

La B. It really shews that the Woman had no Conscience at all, nor will I any longer bear her the fidelity usual. Therefore know, my Lord, that for all her Oaths, Tears, and Prostitutions, she really has Jilted ye.

Guill. Damn her, I believe as much now, do but tell we with whom.

La B. Ay, dear my Lord, you shall know all, and more than all if I could express it, for I find my Conscience prompts me exceedingly. Does not your Lordship remember a young, smock'd fac'd, dapper Spark, that came into the Garden with old Count *Brisse*'s company, that Evening the Duke was laughed at, for being found in his Wife's cloaths.

Guill. I do, ——— death and the devil, ——— i'st he.

La B. Most certainly, my Lord, and who has cunningly, ever since, to keep the Intreague the closer, daily kept her Company, disguis'd in a Womans Habit —— and is this instant with her, in her apartment yonder.

Guill. Hah, in Womans Habit sayst thou? why this is a secret worth Gold indeed; curst, hellish, treacherous Creature, this is her Truth and Constancy in the Devil's name, henceforth let that dull Animal, that will proclaim himself and Ass with Ears,

Believe damnd Woman, when she vows and swears.

La B. For further proof, retire into this Closet, my Lord, I'll warrant you see some bolting presently.

Guill. I'll follow thee, and stifle Rage a moment, that I may let it loose with greater gust upon her. *Exeunt.*

Enter Daubray, *with* Sanserre *and* Brissac.

Daub. They are certainly together, my Lord; but to make the proof more plain, be pleas'd your self to peep through the Key-hole of the Bed-chamber,

whilst the Count and I go another way, and watcht the door of the Drawing Room.

Sans. Do do, and if I find 'em here, I'll come and call ye: Damnation! these are the joys of Marriage. Now Count, I hope I shall convinec ye what a Viper I've so long cherish'd in my Bosom.

Briss. Well, well, let's see the proof; the proof, I know your Lordship's Eyes sometimes see double, therefore, gad I'll not believe a word till I see the proof. I love an Intrigue too well to have it slander'd with doubts and surmizes, the proof, the proof, my Lord.

Sans. Away then to the Drawing-room-door, I'll this way.

Daub. Softly, softly, my Lord. [*Exeunt at several doors.*

Re-enter Sanserre *hastily.*

Sans. 'Tis so, by the spirit of Cuckoldom, there they are, close together, and Cooing like two Pidgeons just going to Bill, I could not see my Wife for the Bed-Curtains, but the young rampant Fornicator, I saw plainly in his female Trappings, wagging his Commode, I suppose eagerly expressing some new lewdness to her. Death and Hell, where shall I get a Gridiron big enough to broyl him on, but hush, another Minute for that, I'll first go and call *Brissac*, to be Witness of her Infamy: now sure I shall convince the incredulous old Coxcomb, if this peeping proof be not plain enough, the Devil take all Ogling. *Ex.*

Enter Tonnerre.

Tonn. What happiness ordain'd to bless Mortality, can vie with that of the successful Lover. [*to him* Guillamour *from the Closet.*] Oh my full heart, by Heaven, my Joys so swell my surcharg'd Bosom, I have hardly breath left to express my Rapture.

Guill. Then, least the unruly passion should boyl over, give me leave, Sir, to bring ye some allay.

Tonn. Hah, my Lord *Guillamour.* [Tonn. *turns about and starts.*]

Guil. The same, Sir, and whither you had knowledge of my Pretensions to the Lady you come from or not, I have not leasure now to examin; 'tis enough for me to tell ye, that I have found my self abus'd by her, and your unexpressible happiness as you term it, is the sequel of her unexemplary baseness to me, which I am now come hither to revenge and expose.

Fon. Death and Hell, has he been intrigu'd with my Countess, this is a discovery amazes me; hearkee, my Lord, pray let me ask you a question now.

They talk apart.

Enter Sanserre *and* Brissac.

Sans. *Daubray* will watch the Drawing-room door close enough, so that they can't slip from us that way, and for this passage Count ——— hah——what do I see, by all my pangs 'tis he, ——— and *Guillamour* a brace of the Court's rankest Cuckold-makers. Furies and Hell, she deals with 'em in couples,——but if they scape me now, draw Count ———

Briss. Draw———what a plague does he mean, is not that, my dear sweet, luscious, charming Empress that stands there: D'sheart 'tis she I'm sure now: Draw,———oons the man's mad. [*apart, stairing at* Tonn. *then runs to her.*]

Sans. Come, Sir, draw; for tho such Villany deserve no fair play, I scorn to take advantage; nay, nay, no evasion———draw quickly.

Guill. My Lord, I've something to discover, that perhaps may satisfie ye without it.

Sans. Your life, Sir, can only satisfie, draw or I'll nail ye to the Wall.

Guill. Nay, then I will have play for't. [*fight here.*]

Ton. 'Tis lucky, however, to have the old fool *Sessac* here, I know he will defend me. (*aside*)

Sess.

Brif. Hey day, why my Lord——'dsdeath, are ye both bewitch'd——nay then, then Gad I ll put ye out of your tricks, I'll spoil your fencing——hah, now my Lord, [*parts them, beats* Sanserre's *Sword out of his hand, and takes it up,*] you shall stockado no more till I think fit; if your Lordships please to go to Cuffs, you may.

Sans. Damn'd chance, [*goes to fall upon* Ton. *and* Brissac *guards her with both Swords*) yet I have Fingers left to tear your Devilship, your Strumpets covering shant' disguise ye longer, nor shelter the lewd Monster underneath.

Brif. What raving, stark mad,——'dsheart do ye know what ye are going to do, oons, keep back you had best, he that offers to touch my dear Empress, shall have both these Pokers in his guts the next moment. What a Devil are ye bewitch'd, my Lord,——what offer to strike a Woman.

Sans A Woman, a Wizard, ——poor old deluded Wittal, clear your Eyesight and understanding,——look agen, is that a Woman.

Guill. Be a little curious in your observation, old Count, and let her prove her self a Woman if she can.

Brif. Prove her self a Woman? They're both posiest, Begad, ——why this is Impudence unparrelleled: A plague on ye for a couple of lewd Fitchews, how would you have her prove.

Sans. Shew ——— that stubbled Chin, a little nearer to your blind Eyes, look closer ye old dotard, have Women beards?

Brif. Beards —— oons what care I, what is that to my dear Empress here—oons you dont think to make me believe that she is not *femina propria*, do ye? Dost hear, Goddess, prithee shew 'em a Bubby.——Convince 'em presently with the sight of a pretty Nipple, or so; do Faith——why, pox on 'em, they have the confidence to hint here, that thou, the treachery of all my Joys art no Woman,

Ton. if I were otherwise, their Insolencies should hear from me in another manner, tell 'em that from me, Count.

Brif. Ah, dear, dear charmer, do ye hear that, ye brainless Peers, do ye hear that?

Sans. If you were otherwise, death, hell and furies, do not I know?

Brif. Oons know what ye will, my Lord, keep back or——[*guards her.*[

Sans. Confound his folly, why, I tell thee, old stupidity once more, that this is a Man, a young rampant Rake-hell, lewd as the Devil, who, wearing that Woman's disguise there, to keep himself unknown, intrigues with your damn'd Sister, my damn'd Wife, and abuses me; I saw him scarce two Minutes since in her Apartment with her, and will instantly go and fetch her, to prove the truth of all, and make that incredulous Pate of yours, once in your life, believe the things you see. *Exit* Sanserre.

Brif. Hamp? Gad now I look better upon her: That Chin, those broad Shoulders, and those pair of Mutton Fists, do shew somewhat more mannish than I imagin'd. Hearkee, what shall I call ye, if, instead of Female Trinkets, I do hereafter find you of the Male-gender

Ton. I shall have one of those two Pokers ungender me, I suppose I am in a very fine condition truly. (*aside*)

Guill. What think ye now, Sir, of the vast happiness of a successful Lover? Will your crowded joys now give ye breath enough, to express your Rapture. [*aside to* Ton.

Ton. So, very good, on t'other side, I am a very pretty fellow, faith.

Brif. Gad, I do not like that Leer,—— I see more of the Whore-master's Air now, than I thought for. Well, if thou should st prove a Son of a Whore after all.

Guill. Nay, you are snap'd, Sir, and no much good may do ye with Your success in the Dutchess, that your prevailing merit won from me. [*shreek within*] Oh, here he's coming with her, and when you are both expos'd, I shall think my self sufficiently revenged.

Brif. Ay, ay, Gad 'tis plain now, the very face looks with such a Masculine impudence, as if it could not deny it; Here will appear the Male-gender.

Tom. Better and better still, I am wedg'd in too, there's no flinching.

Re-enter Sanserre, *pulling in Lady* Brissac *masks.*

Sans. Come, Madam, you must this way with me now — your disguise to scape at t'other door is contriv'd a little too late — go forward there to that incredulous Gentleman, who has at this time a very pressing affair with ye, whilst I, to proclaim your Virtue, and the infinite pleasures of my life so long drawing, wish your Ladyship in the Conjugal yoke. — Expose 'em bare-fac'd to the world, [*snatches off her Mask*] 'Ds death and Hell, who do I see — my Sister *Brissac*, — wonder of wonders, how the Devil comes this?

Brif. Oons my Wife, — I'm dumb, — I'm blind, — I'm dead; — 'tis Witchcraft, — 'tis impossible, — 'ds heart, I'll not believe it.

Guill. Hah, another Lady instead of the Dutchess, 'ds life, ten to one then, *La Busque* has been deceiv'd by a mistake, and I have wrong'd an Angel. [*apart*]

Brif. Speak, speak thou Fairy, speak thou Fantosme, art thou my Wife, art thou in the Country or no, art thou making Rose-cakes there huswifely, or wert thou yonder just now making me a Cuckold whorishly, — speak thou Cornucopia.

La B. Indeed, my Lord, to tell you the truth, I am I,

Brif. Are ye so, — then I am I know what, ye damn'd *Dalilah*.

La B. Just come to Town a little, upon a frolick, my Lord, to watch you, because you staid so long here; but as for that Gentleman there, how he came hither, I know not. I suppose he's going to a Masquerade somewhere; for my part, I took him for a real Woman, till I found him otherwise.

Brif. Good agen, then you have found him otherwise, it seems, — and if he has no Armour under his Bawdy-Jacket, this I think shall find out some of his Small-guts, [*goes to stick him and they hinder*] the Moon shall shine through his Midrife presently.

Guill. No, no, Count, we must not have no such violence neither here's only suspition of Cuckoldom yet; besides, you see he is unarm'd, and you must not take such advantage.

Brif. Unarm'd, a plague on him, he's well enough armed to Jilt my Wife, and let the same Weapons serve him against me, with a pox to him.

Tom. Well, I see I am discovered, but however must assure you, upon my honour, in right of your Lady, that she is wholly innocent of engaging me further, tho, for a frolick, I contriv'd to get into her Company at her first coming to Town, nor was my disguise taken upon the score of any Intrigue, but to secure me till I could get the Kings pardon about a Duel; so that your Lady, my Lord Duke, and yours there, Count, were very strangers to me till just now, that to make a little Mirth, and humour my Habit here, I got into their Company.

Sans. Did you never leave a pair of Breeches, Sir, in my Wifes Closet.

Tom. Not I, upon my honour, my Lord.

L. Brif. Come, since the Gentleman has dealt by me like a Man of Honour, I'll unravel that mystery: Therefore know, my Lord, that those Breeches were mine, and part of the frolicksome disguise I came up to Town in, the day that

that a certain young Bully bantered in the Garden, Court.

Brisl. Admirable, and so you was then that impudent young Dog, that huff'd and hectored me so, was ye.

La B. In *propria persona*, faith Count — nay, never frown for the matter, for if you do — remember you did all you could to break your Conjugal-vow, by making love to that Lady there, which, tho it prove ineffectual — your will was not wanting ye lewd Rake-hell, therefore either let's shake hands, and let all go as frolick, for frolick — or lookee Count, I can frown too, dee see.

Brif. Tis a mettled Devil, as like my Wife, as one Pea to another — but I cannot believe 'tis her yet; but for your part, Signior *Ænigma*, thou must not put upon me, I do not like your Story.

Tom. Why then, Sir, you must take your satisfaction as you please, I'll venture to change my Dress and put on a Sword, whenever your scrupulous Honour, Sir, shall require other satisfaction.

Brif. Hah, very fine gad; we Husbands have a fine time on't, if we are no Cuckolds, we must be fools for making a bustle about it, and if we are Cuckolds, we must fight for making a bustle about it, — but you shan't bully me with that friend, I'll have a better reason for your being here, or expect what you deserve. Oons, was ever Lover so disappointed, — I thought I had got the tarest Doxy, the most luscious armful, and instead of a Whore, to find a Son of a Whore. (*apart*) A pox on him I must murder him, there's no other way.

Guill. Oh fye, — fye, — remember, Count, he's unarm'd. — Tis certain now by my dear Dutchess not being here, that his Intrigue was with the t'other; and I have basely wronged her by a curst mistake. (*aside*)

Sans. This is an hour of Wonders, — and all so intricate too, that they surpass my understanding, first to see my Sister here, whom I and her Husband thought a hundred miles off in the Country, then to mistake her for my Wife whom I was traind to meet here, and expected to find in that room; what can this be but witchery.

Brif. Tis so, oons, 'tis plain; for if that be personally my Wife that stands there, we are certainly all bewitch'd — no other way could set her before me this minute I am sure but Witchcraft.

Sans. And see, to improve the wonder, here comes my Wife from a quite contrary quarter, sure we shall unriddle all now.

Tom. The Dutchess here, nay, then I begin to take heart.

Enter Lady Sanferre.

Guill. Tis so, *La Busque* has made a confounded mistake, and if she can but clear the Garden business last night, I'll throw my self at her feet, and beg a thousand pardons.

Sans. So long from your Apartment, Madam, and such visitants waiting for you there; this is a piece of neglect uncustomary: What in the name of Ceremony and good Manners, may be your Lodiship's reason. —

La S. Hah, my Lord *Guillamour* and *Tonnerre* both here, nay, then I apprehend what he means by this coldness to me; but I am prepared for him as well as I could wish. (*apart*)

Sans. Madam, you dont see my Lord sure, methinks your Ladyship does not receive your friends with the usual Air.

La S. Not as my friends, but as your Lordships, and upon the Ladys Account, that waits for ye all within, bid em welcom.

Sans. The Lady within, ha, ha, ha, what trick, what fetch now, what Lady is it you mean.

La S.

La S. Oh an intimate friend of your Graces, I'm very sure, one born and fated for my ruin, adorn'd with Beauty incomparable, and so many other Charms ——— Oh heaven, 'tis your new Mistress, the heart breaker *Vandosme*, my Lord —— oh —— dee start, does your Lordship know such a person.

Sans. Know such a person? What then, what of her thou Syren.

Gnill. Ha, ha, ha, some new trick I lay my life, methinks I catch the wit of it already. (*aside*)

La S. What of her, nay, nothing, my Lord, but that she's a Woman of Honour I suppose, and punctual to her Assignation; for she came this morning to visit ye at the very Minute —— and truly, I like a very Wife, a little jealous, and more curious in the Matter than you desire, I believe, finding her business was with you, pretending to receive her, have lockt her up in the Dining-room.

Sans. Subtle Devil, *Vandosme*, no doubt came to me about the discovery I desired to make, and ten to one she has pumpt my secret out of her, and ruin'd my design. (*aside*)

Ton. What she means, is to me a Mystery, but Heaven send her a good deliverance. (*aside*)

Sans. Oh, I find you would turn the course of the Story, but pray be civil to my Lord here, Madam, he wants his dispatch; I beseech ye what may his business be —— hah —— may not I know.

La S. Ha, ha, ha —— wittily carried indeed; but my Lord, this cunning won't pass upon me, I know ye are all joynt Companions in the Intrigue, only I find your Lordship is preferred first, for she came after you, but they came after her. Your Necklace of Pearl, my Lord has incensed her so extremely.

Sans. How the Devil now came she to know of that, dam her she puzzels the Cause, I scarce know how to answer her. They come after her, that's likely.

La S. Come, I know they are men of too much honour to disown Love to a fine Woman, through fear, what say ye my Lords, was not your design here to chatming *Vandosme*. Speak the Truth boldly.

Gnill. Hah, I understand that tip of the Wink. (*aside*) Why then, since the Truth must out ——— it was ——

Ton. Ah, witty charming Creature, I, I, it was, it was, what a pox I hate to tell a Lye.

La S. So you dog'd her into the House, but not knowing the Room where I had lockt her, one of ye it seems got into my Apartment, ——— and see —— oh power of Truth what influence it works ——— now could I see you blush, my Lord, if I were a hundred Yards from you.

Sans. I blush? why thou provoking Mischief, art thou so hardened to tell me that?

La S. What need I tell ye that, or any thing, is it not plain ungrateful man that you sent for your Whore into my very House, to Intrigue with her under my very Nose. [*loud and angrily*] You did, you did, you vile ungrateful Wretch —— oh Heaven, see how he blushes agen.

Sans. The Devil's in her, she will turn it upon me, right or wrong —— why thou —— fury, canst thou say I blush.

L Sans. Pray, my Lords, be Judges ——— did ye ever see such a collour.

Gnill. The truth is, my Lord, you do blush extremely.

Tonn. Your Face is all over in a flame; but I confess there is some reason, for I see my Lady has found out your Intrigue my Lord.

Sans. A plague Intrigue ye, this is plain juggling between 'em all, and I am still the property.

La S.

La S. But to ſhew ye what a piece of Integrity you have choſe to ſacrifice me to, here comes another couple that I knew concerned in the ſame Veſſel and Cargo: I therefore ſent for 'em to put in for their Shares.

Enter Fieſque *and Sir* Blunder.

And now all Proprieters are ready, I think it is fit to produce the Merchandize—therefore have patience and I'll deliver up the effects immediately.

Exit Lady Sanſerre.

Fieſ. Oh intollerable ſilt, Traitreſs, Devil, I find now all her late Oaths and Tears were nothing but intended Villany, and that ſhe has been ſo very a Monſter, to intrigue with this fellow too, this Monſter of Monſters. (*apart*) Well, then, you ſay, *Sir Blunder*, you are ſure you have great power over her.

Sir B. I think I have, if I ſhould not have power over my Punck it would be hard,—beſides, I need not toil about it, for ha, ha—a pox take her, the ſenceleſs Queen is in love with me, ha, ha, ha.

Fieſ. Oh Witch, oh Succubus. (*apart*)

Sir B. Gives me the charge of all her Money and Jewels; lookee here are the Keys of her Scrutore, you may ſee by this I have tickled her fancy; here is a Diamond Ring too I got from her this morning, ſhe will part with any thing for a nights Lodging; the Jade knew I am a ſwinging Bed-fellow.

Fieſ. Ha, by heaven, the very Ring I gave—oh confuſion.

Sir B. Here ſhe comes, I'll ſtand by and liſten, and if I find ſhe has been playing the Jilt, I'll come in, take her away home, and drub her tightly.

Fieſ. Oh damn her, damn her, the worſt of Hell is too good. [*Sir* Blunder *ſtands aſide.*

Re-enter Lady Sanſerre *with* Vandoſme, *melancholly with a Book.*

La S. Come, Madam, a little nearer, and pray throw off that demure melancholly look that ſo diſguiſes ye: I bring ye to none but your acquaintance here, accoſt them then with the pure Air of your profeſſion, and let your Eyes uſe their Artillery as formally—ſhoot, ſhoot them dead, you have done it a thouſand times before now,—hah—what is here a Book—oh prodigious—A treatiſe of Repentance—nay then, then, the Devil can cite Scripture for his purpoſe, indeed—

Van. Oh heaven, can you believe then I am ſo Reprobate, that I am paſt repentance.

Fieſ. There is the ſoft tone agen, and then that damming look would baffle human reaſon.

La S. Oh, this Religious change is of ſo freſh a date, Madam, that you'll hardly be believed.

Vand. Yes, Madam, I am ſure I ſhall, if it is prov'd unfeign'd, and you are a Lady of that unſullied Virtue, Candor, and Charity, that your good Nature will be firſt my friend.

La S. My Virtue,—ſure this Devil does not banter me.

Sanſ. There's no putting in a word now, ſhe has got the aſcendant over me clearly.

La B. At her agen,—Siſter, things go weil.

Briſ. Humph! Methinks matters look a little better than they did, for if that young Petticoat Towzer there, came after this Harridan, I may chance to be no Cuckold after all.

Tom. She's got in rarely, if ſhe does but hold out now.

Gnill. Say any thing, Madam, I'll ſecond ye.

La S. Nay, ſince you think, moſt infamous of Creatures, to impoſe upon me with Hypocreſie, I'll lay your miſchief open to the World, and be as loud as Thunder

Thunder in proclaiming it, thou chief promoter of the cause of Hell.

Vand. Oh I beseech ye have patience, Madam, I m converted

La S. Thou gulphy Quicks and swallowing all Adventurers; thou very Magdalen, thou converted?

Vand. Alas, you know, Madam, *Magdalen* Repented.

La S. Intrigu'd with half the Court before this last, the Count here, and you my Lord, I know can say enough of her.

Fief. I, a pox take me for't, she and I have been a little too well acquainted.

Guill. Humph, I have not altogether been a stranger to the Gentlewoman, neither.

Briss. Gad, I wonder she miss'd me, I never was in with her as I remember.

Sir B. A plague, at this rate half the Town have had her, this has been a damn'd Jade. (*peeping out*)

La S. 'Tis by the odiods Witchcraft of such hellish Creatures as you, that the marriage State is so dishonour'd, imbellisht Virtue pines at home neglected, whilst Riotous Vice is grac'd with Presents——Jewels, but I'll turn back the stream to its right Channel, and Honour and Virtue henceforth shall be Reverenced, my Wit shall ruin thee, past all redemption. (*apart to* Vand.) I'll make thee change that canting Note, thou Hypocrite.

Sans. So, the Alarm is set a going; now shall I hear nothing but the noise of her damn'd Honour and Virtue, for a month together. (*aside.*)

Vand. Well then, you shall change my Note, my Virtuous Lady too soon to your cost, you shall now hear me then, and (*loudly*) know my wit shall ruin thee past redemption; I'll make thee change that haughty Note, thou Hypocrite.

La S. Infamy, I defie thee, what can the Divel mean. (*to* Guill.)

Guill. The Devil knows.

Guill. Read that, my Lord, and then let Virtue and Honour there, [*gives* Sanserre *a Letter*] defend her self with her integrity, there's no Hypocrisie in that, my Lord, 'tis a plain *Billet doux* to my Lord *Guill.*

Sans. 'Tis so, by Hell——and of her own Hand-writing.

Fief. The very Letter that she got from me, when last impos'd on by her Sighs and Tears. Was there ever such a Serpent. (*aside*)

Sans. To shew you this, my Lord, was the morning business, which to secure, she lockt me up most wittily. Now let all human Creatures that can read, behold in that the Dutchess's rare Virtue, then judge 'twixt th' Strumpet free, and Strumpet wedded, which is the worst: Come, who speaks loudest, let your sharp Tongue, Madam, out wit me now, what not a word——from Honour nor from Virtue; nay, then 'tis plain, the Strumpet Wife's most blameful.

Sans. She has struck me dumb, I cannot speak a word, nor dare I lift my Eyes to look upon em. *Exit.*

Sans.

Sans. I'll vanish all thoughts of mercy from this moment, I will be as cruel as Revenge can make me——My Lord, your ear.

Guill. Well, my Lord, 'tis enough. *they Whisper.*

Sans. Here's so much Fire it burns my very Vitals, dear, dear Revenge, I'm wedded to thee now. *Exit.* Guill. *is going.*

Fies. No, no, my Lord, I bar that, you shannot leave us.

Guill. My Lord, I'm only going to my Lodging?

Briss. Ay, my Lord, that's all one, no going, no going now, my Lord.

Tom. No, no, let the business cool a little.

Vand. This is in return of your ungrateful usage, Traitor, and now thank your self.

Guill. Ten thousand plagues upon thee. Death, is there no way left to be reveng'd upon this Witch, this Sorceress.

Enter Sir Blunder.

Sir B. Yes, here's some body left here behind the Curtain that shall take her to task immediately. Come Jade, every Bodies Cleopatra, come your ways home.

Vand. Hah, he here then, I am disgrac'd for ever, this is the only Devil can torment me.

Sir B. Your entertainment *Jesabel* to night, shall be half a dozen of kicks, or so, or it may be a light Drubbing, but to morrow expect to be turn'd a grazing, to try for a new fortune, I'll take care of these materials, and of the effects belonging to 'em. (*shakes her Keys*) Come

Vand. Stand off, Monster, Furies and Fire, touch me, and I'll flea thee: Hah, dar'st thou attempt it; nay then, assist me Rage and Vigour, that I may rip this Brute and carve revenge. (*snatches his sword out, flies at him and beats him off.*

Fies. Farewel, the Quintessence of all Coquets in general. Well, this gives my heart some repose however, to find this brutish fellow revenges me in a right method, 'tis no more than what generally happens to to 'em.

For, never was true Jilt, but was so blind,
To love at last what paid her in her kind.

La S. 'Twas ten to one but the revengeful Creature had invented some lye or other upon me for my Sisters sake, but now the Riddle is expounded, who these two Sparks were hunting here for. I hope Count I may sleep free from censure.

Tom. I must help her out in this. (*Aside*) Madam, there can remain no scruple of a doubt in your Ladyship's Case, and I am very sorry my intrigue with her should cause any reflection to your prejudice.

Briss. Nay, I believe as things stands, I had as good be satisfied, as go to prove any thing further; but Gad here has been swinging frolicks of all sides: you smock-fac'd Dog, you Sirrah, you have disappointed me confoundedly. I took you for a Loop and not a Button, you Rogue, but come, a pox on't, it makes the Intrigue the better however, and gad I love that so well, that I can be angry no longer. Come, my Lord, cheat

up, you have treated my Sister I suppose the old English way, but gad, if she likes the cheer entire, with all my heart, we'll have no fighting about the matter.

Guill. My Lord, I have been always oblig'd to your good nature.

Briss. What a pox, there's no such harm done as I see, here's no body a Cuckold but my Brother the Duke, and gad now he's out of the way, he was so jealous, that I always wish'd him one: Why, if I had been a jealous Puppy, on my Conscience I had been so too.

Fies. Oh fye, my Lord you, what an Intriguer, a Beau? No, no, Count, you are safe enough.

Tonn. So, his Eyes are sealed however. (*aside*)

Briss. Come, gad we have been so long out of humour, about these matters, that methinks I want a little mirth: Let's have a Bottle and a little Musick. Spouse, if you would have me in humour, and believe what you say. Sing me a Song against Cuckold-making. Hey, within, bid my Servants that I ordered for the Musical Entertainment to night, come and give it presently; and dee hear, bring a Bottle.

Enter Servants with Wine, and then a Song and a Dance are performed.

Fies. Come, here's the Count *Briss*'s Health, and let him live for ever.

Guill. Ay, come, with all my Heart, and to all the Cuckolds in and about *Versailles*. (*aside*)

Tonn. In the Fountain garden about 7 this evening, dear Angel, if you would have me live till morning. [*whispers Lady* Brissac.]

La B. No, no, Count, no more intrigues, I have made some suddain Reflection upon't and have resolv'd severe amendment, you may think this rallery, but you shall find it real, therefore I charge you forbear my Company, and all future unlawful Sollicitations, for I am conscious to my self, I have deserv'd the same fate my Sister has, tho I have the luck to miss it. Not a word more, content your self with what's past, and as you are a man of Honour, tempt me to that course of life no longer. *goes from him.*

Tonn. Pish, thy sudden turn can be nothing but a qualm of Hypocrisie Gad I won't leave her off so.

Briss. Come, give me another Bumper, and this last health is to all brave fellows that stand upright as I do, at eight and fifty, and these happy Husbands that can see their Wifes sing, dance, Joke, kiss, and be merry amongst Company, without jealousie or having the Gripping of the Gutts about it, for let em fatigue themselves how they please, rage, watch, pine, and grow lean about it, let em take this as a Maxim from jolly *Brissac*.

If the good woman gets it in her Brain,
All Labour's lost, th' *Italian* Engine vain,
Whilst female inclination tends to man,
There will be Horns, let Heads do what they can.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. **Barry**, *as in a fret.*

Judges of Wit, and Poets tell me, pray,
Have you e're seen mongst all y have known me play,
So strange a part as this, I've done to day.
This vex'd me so, would I may ne're be fam'd,
If I care threepence if the Play were damn'd:
Or, if some Bully, some lov'd Jilt revenging,
Help'd the Satyrick Scribbler to a swinging.
How long, and oft, have I, in well wrought Scenes,
Dazled like Glittering Empresses and Queens,
Acted all passions, love, grief, joy, and shame,
The Great Court Lady, and the City Dame.
And if sometimes, a wanton subject came
Yee Poets Characters, decent were, and civil,
But ours---Curse on't here, makes me act the Devil.
I ne're was so affronted in my Life,
Would he had such a one to be his Wife.
The hot brain'd Sonnetteer would soon turn Mome,
Were his poor Pen employ'd with a Vandosme.
Besides the part is contrary to Nature;
There cannot in our Sex be such a Creature.
We love no fools, I'm sure, ne're let 'em cheat us,
Nor can we do a fault for him to beat us:
Tho we should graft more Hornes on every year,
Then stock St. James's *Park, or else St.* James's *Square.*
But hold, now Anger somewhat cooler grows,
The Part, bad as it is, may please you Beaus:
The Play by Judges, has commended been,
And if it bring but the new Money in:
Money's a certain Medicin for my Spleen.

Ah,

Ah, how that hope, ill humour reconciles:
Money, turns every body's frowns to smiles.
Controwling Mammon, can dispose like fate;
Money can make a dry'd warp'd Cripple strait.
The Wife play false, and the tame Cuckold blind,
Proud Widdows pliant, and Coy Virgins kind:
Money corrupts the Body, damns the Soul,
And in Life's game still turning like a bowl,
Can by its Bias all distinctions draw,
The Court, the Country, Clergy, and the Law.
How can it fail then, to have power o're me,
Mine's but a sort of Play-house constancy,
My part, I own, I hate to a degree.
But if it Money gets, will patience borrow,
Set a good face, and play't again to-morrow.

FINIS.
